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THE BOOKMAN

TEACHING LITERATURE: CHAPTER TWO

By John Erskine

IN few countries has literature been more conscientiously taught than in ours during the last thirty years. The mysteries of poetry and of fiction, the problem of style, the technique of the novel, the short story, the drama, and the essay, have been lectured on and examined on, from the first glimpse of the first reader to the final clutching of the Ph.D.; Shakespeare, his life and works, we have expounded to the boys and girls in high school, and we have expounded him again to the same students when they reached college, and if they went on to graduate courses we have expounded him to them there. And all this not against their wish, for no courses are more popular than those in literature. With such thirst for instruction in the greatest of arts and with so much instruction in it, America ought long ago to have become singularly productive and important in letters. What explanation can we give for the unpleasant fact that in this art we are not singularly productive, and most of what we do produce is singularly unimportant? Our drama is wretched; our novels, with few exceptions, are rather thin; our poetry, in spite of its volume, is rather prosaic; and our criticism is feeble in idea and bad in manner. Has so much training in literature brought us only to this?

It will not surprise the average author that a professional teacher of literature should estimate contemporary writing in severe terms. The professors are supposed always to blame the current writers for the slough into which literature does fall from time to time. On the other hand, the professor knows that for the present state of affairs in American letters the writers are inclined to blame the teachers. A man who has always earned his living by his pen asked me not long ago if I did not think a college education harmful for the young man who hopes to write. The question was put seriously, in good faith. What could I say? I retorted that many men have failed to become good writers,

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even though they avoided an education, but in my heart I felt the edge in the question which his phrasing had not brought out; the opposition of writers and teachers today is more than the usual encounter of youth with its elders; it comes from an essential and irreconcilable difference of aim. Such a difference is worth looking into, for no art or science is in a good way if its theory is divorced from its practice. Either the theory or the practice is wrong — or, of course, both may be wrong.

My own opinion is that the teachers of literature in this country, and the writers, are both sadly off the track. Our writers are wasting much sincere effort through ignorance of their art, and the enormous amount of instruction in literature, from school to college, has in it little to correct the ignorance of the writers. On both sides the subject is large and inviting, but since I am a teacher myself I will consider here only the shortcomings of literary instruction, with some suggestion of a remedy — and this with the greater enthusiasm because I believe that Chapter One of literary training in the United States is about to close, and a wiser Chapter Two about to open.

II

We do our teaching of literature chiefly through the departments of English. Literature, of course, is something more than English literature; but since the Greek and Latin experts, even before the decline of their subjects, taught languages rather than literatures, and since the French and German teachers are similarly preoccupied with language, the English classes have become the only field from which literature is envisaged as a world subject. This accident of our educational system has given to the American teacher of English a remarkable opportunity, not duplicated, so far as I know, in other lands. He may teach all literature, or as much of it as he chooses, and he may teach it from any point of view. In the schools, therefore, the children read Homer and Virgil in English, as in college later they read Cervantes and Molière and Euripides. Some universities recognize this unprecedented spread of English teaching by calling part of it comparative literature, but under any name, inclusive or narrow, the whole field of letters is open to the teacher of English. Indeed, his scope is still wider, and takes in more than letters; he may try, if he will, to convey to his pupils that general culture once associated with the classics; he may teach them the stories in the Bible which once were learned at home or in church; he may train them surreptitiously in general manners and etiquette; he may guide their reading in biography, social science, or philosophy — in short, he is at liberty to teach them, under the name of English, anything they have failed to learn elsewhere.

We must pay all the more attention to the freedom of opportunity which the teacher of English enjoys because, very strangely, he does not use the opportunity to teach literature as the thing it primarily is — he does not teach literature as a fine art. His failure to do so is I believe the cause of the divorce between our literary theory and practice today. The teacher can say justly enough of much contemporary writing, that it is not art. Unfortunately, the writer can reply with equal justice, "Yes, but who will tell me what art is? You who look for art in my work, never look for it in Shakespeare or Milton or Chaucer when you lecture; you teach history

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and philology and philosophy, but you do not teach art. When you expound the novel or the drama, you ignore the problem of the man who wrote the masterpieces in those kinds, or of the man who will try to write others; you do not suspect that art is first of all a creative work, and your standards of judgment, therefore, have no reference to that creation."

The multifarious things taught instead of literature have been good things to know, and there should be no quarrel with them; the professor of things in general may be an educator. But we teach things in general at a great cost, if with a literary masterpiece in our hands we forget to teach it as a work of art. No one who knows what problems the teacher of English in the United States has had to face, in heterogeneous towns and cities, will undervalue what he has done up to date, in the first chapter of our contemporary culture; we shall only hope that now, in Chapter Two, the teacher will remember that literature is an art, intended by its makers to be such, and that he will not be ashamed, as at present he often seems, to discuss it from that point of view. The reluctance to consider literature as art, or as art to take seriously, is as common now in school teaching as in graduate instruction. Just after the fall of the old Russian government, I heard a high school teacher of English say that she could not keep her thoughts, and certainly not the attention of her class, on such a thin subject as mere literature when real events were stirring in the world; she and her children were therefore giving their class hours to the study not of Carlyle but of Kerensky. Her confession was something of a scandal to the colleagues who heard her, yet perhaps none of them has ever been scandalized by what goes on in many college and university courses, where the study of literature as such is abandoned in the same way for other matters more immediate to the teacher and more interesting — biography — social, political, philosophical, or theological backgrounds — genealogy — bibliography — philology.

Not all the teachers of literature, by any means, are insensible to their false position, and from time to time they try to mend it. The attempt usually takes the form of a course in strictly contemporary literature. If anything will bridge the chasm between the professor and the writer, will it not be a lecture on the writer's latest book? It all depends on the lecture. If the professor treats the new book as he treats the old ones — that is, as something not art — he will come no closer to the real world of literature than if he lectured on "Beowulf". On the other hand, if he knows what literature is, and can judge it from the creating point of view of the author, then his remarks will be equally vital, whether he speaks of "Beowulf" or of a new book. For obviously it is the teacher's point of view that brings him close to the artist, or separates them; the date of the text he lectures on has nothing to do with it. Courses in contemporary literature may as well be given — why not? — but they will not cure a bad philosophy in the teacher, and after all, they will prove no more contemporary than a course in older good books, since the living things of art are always timely.

A few teachers not only see the difficulty, but have solved it correctly, so far as their own work is concerned. They are often looked at askance by their colleagues, as having indulged in a treacherous levity. For many years Professor Brander Matthews has

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preached, in season and out, that the acted drama can be properly studied only in action, on the stage. The dramatic museum which he collected at Columbia is an illuminating comment on the printed text of Æschylus or Shakespeare or Molière, and to even the layman who has seen it, and certainly to the professional dramatist there seems no other way to understand what the great artists accomplished, and how they accomplished it, than by examining the conditions they had to face. Yet to take the creative point of view is so difficult for some of us that the name of scholarship is usually denied to the kind of knowledge one can acquire in the dramatic museum: "to know only that", say the wise, "is to know no more about the theatre than a dramatist knows." Those of us who believe that literature is an art, hold that to know what Shakespeare or Molière or any later dramatist knew about the theatre, is to know enough for the understanding of his works. I speak of those who wish merely to understand, as well as of those who hope also to practise the art. Of course the playwright and the actor must learn their art on the stage. But the audience, the reader, the critic, must study in the same conditions if they are to have any correct knowledge of the art they enjoy.

III

Why has not the imparting of this knowledge been the chief aim of our teachers of literature? For reasons natural enough they have been content to teach the various races of Americans one common language — how in a general way to read it, pronounce it, and spell it. Their object, also excellent in itself, has been to introduce their pupils not to art but to citizenship. The standards they set up are social and economic, not æsthetic. "How ashamed you'll be, Tommy, when you grow up to be a man and pronounce that word wrong!" or, "You'll never get a job, Eddie, if you don't learn to write a well spelled letter."

Something better might be expected in the classes where the students read instead of write — where they escape from their own inarticulateness to the eloquence of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Hawthorne. But in these courses too the purpose of the teaching, however admirable, is utilitarian; it is to furnish one more kind of insurance against embarrassment in polite society. Any person ought to know who Milton was, when Shakespeare lived, why Byron wrote. When we wish to indicate no culture in our neighbors, we tell anecdotes to show that they lack this sort of information. This is Mr. Edison's ideal of knowledge. However it may have recommended itself pragmatically in his laboratory, it is useless in the field of art. If a boy knows "Macbeth" by heart, and can live in the great poem by sympathy and imagination, it makes no difference when the poem was written, or by whom, and it is our duty to teach the boy that it makes no difference. We teach him just the opposite, by quizzing him in the dates of books and in the biographies of authors; we even tell him the immense fib that he will appreciate "Huckleberry Finn" better if he knows when it was written. If he has any mind at all, he can guess that we are wrong. The beauty of the Parthenon, of Niagara, of the moon, has nothing to do with dates or authorship.

Lately our sins in this sort of teaching have been aggravated by the fad for examinations in general and irrelevant information. These are usually called "psychological examina-

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tions", but certain cases of them are repudiated by competent psychologists. It is not always clear to the uninitiated just what kind of powers are revealed by correct answers to scattered questions, but the teacher of literature, if he employs such tests, is presumably hoping to check up the student's reading. Apparently he has no hope whatever that the reading will make any æsthetic impression on the pupil. From one such examination paper, given last April in a reputable college, I quote the following stumbling blocks to Helicon:

1. Whose tuneful brethren all were dead?
   Who fired another Troy?
   Who still danced forward?
   Who trod the purple calmly?
   Who strove with none for none was worth his strife?
2. Place in context: (a) 9 bean rows, (b) 7 stars, (c) 4 Maries, (d) 144 green spectacles, (e) 2 stern faced men, (f) 25 leaders of revolts, (g) 2 bright and aged snakes, (h) 4 horns.
3. Name some works of literary importance written by:
   Confirmed drunkards
   Confirmed drug addicts
   Confirmed spendthrifts
   Dissolute livers
   Men who have spent more than a year in jail.

Literature as an experience in the soul is hard to examine on; like life itself, it can only be observed with sympathy. But if literature is an art, it can be studied in the principles of that art, and instruction in those principles should be the purpose of a course in literature. There is a delightful conceit among teachers that only in sheltered places, like schools and colleges, is there a searching interest in letters, but as a matter of fact the young writer often finds out that the principles of literature as an art are of living importance, only when he has left the academy and met the world. In the world men are excited today over the censorship of books, and they find, on discussing it, that they do not know what is decency in literature. There are few college or university courses which would answer the question, and just as few to tell them what literature is, what poetry is, what makes a book good or bad. Yet these are living questions, wherever men read at all, and they are questions of literature as an art.

In one branch of the curriculum we might finally look with some confidence for the artist's attitude toward literature — in those courses, now common everywhere, which train mature students in writing poetry or novels or short stories. If the students there are not after art, what are they after? I fear that in most cases they are after money. A few of the younger ones have kindled to some vision of writing as an art, but the teacher would be an optimist indeed who could shut his eyes to the ambition of most of them to publish their work and get paid for it. It is aid of a practical kind they want — how to sell manuscripts. I remember such a course in the short story some years ago which was famous for the amount of money the students earned in the aggregate each term by the sale of their class exercises. The instructor had solved the psychology of editors as well as of the magazine public, and had contrived a teachable formula for pleasing both. Apparently it was a matter of less importance that no one took the successful stories for works of art.

The desire to make money is not necessarily bad; most of us have it. The teacher cannot be blamed for the utilitarian and commercial pressure on literature as on other things in our country. But he need not yield to this pressure nor encourage it, and in strict honesty he ought to tell his pupils not

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to expect money from the pursuit of art. Why not go into business, which offers an honorable reward of a financial kind for talent and energy? Art has only an accidental relation to money, and should have no other. I know that young poets grieve because they cannot live on their verse. How awful if they could! Not even a competent poet expects to make from one volume enough to live on for a year, but if he could, he would have to publish a book a year to keep going. Suppose he began at twenty-five, a conservative date, and wrote till sixty-five — he would have produced the indecent number of forty volumes. If this is what the universities are to train up, they should list the instruction, not in the department of literature, but in the business school.

You may reply that writing is an art even though you write for money. In a sense, yes — as engineering in a sense is an art. Perhaps Ruskin has confused many an earnest English teacher by wiping out the old clear distinctions between useful and fine arts. He tried, for social and humane reasons, to define beauty in terms of usefulness. For him the proper ornament for a building was its own structure, and whatever served a good purpose was beautiful. As I write, my eye falls on some massive gas tanks, presumably constructed for a useful purpose, and as bare of meretricious ornament as Ruskin could wish. Yet I feel that they and art are hardly on speaking terms. I prefer the old definition, that the useful arts are our instruments in a world of action, and the fine arts are our expression in the world of contemplation. Through the useful arts we reach efficiency, through the fine arts we come at beauty. If literature is a fine art, its success can be measured in beauty, but not in money.

To an artist all this is triteness itself, but it is not yet an acceptable gospel in our education. When we begin to teach children to write, we do not ask them to write beautifully; enough if they write intelligibly. When we teach them to read, we do not ask them to notice beauty in the book; enough if they can tell us "what the book is about". Later on, after they have gone to college, they can tell us what masterpieces have been produced by men who spent more than a year in jail.

IV

If fine art is not the same as useful art, yet sometimes man rises, like Michael Angelo, from the practice of the useful craft to the higher expression of his spirit, and we cherish some hope that our teaching of literature may soon leave its preoccupation with utilitarian and financial ends, and become interested in art. If the teacher took the point of view of the creating artist, the advantage in pedagogy would be great, for we should have fewer and simpler textbooks. Rules for writing are elaborate if theorists make them, simple if writers make them, for they put down only the rules that can be illustrated in practice. If we took the creative view of literature, and taught what the artist practises and nothing else, we could apply these few and tried principles as standards by which to judge writing, whether of today or a thousand years ago. Our rules of punctuation would be fewer but entirely pertinent. Our rules for prosody would tell the truth about English blank verse — that nobody ever reads, or ever read, or ever wanted to read it with "five relentless accents to the line". Our grammar would look queer, but it would report correctly the purpose a writer has

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when he selects one construction instead of another.

To revise our textbooks would not be hard; a greater difficulty may lie in our unconscious philosophy of life. Do we believe in art, anyway? Do we believe that life should be a finished performance, a control of the mind and character over the crude impulses of nature, that culture should be the most precious tradition, and that no past wisdom gained by men should be allowed to escape, but all of it should be handed on to our followers? Or do we prefer to trust nature, the impulse and the moment? The artist will always take the Greek view that sets nature over against art; since we try so hard to prove to ourselves that art should be natural, perhaps we are not artists. I confess that I am troubled when so fine a writer as Robert Frost tells us that the poet should try to catch the cadence of the language spoken about him; I think of another age, when great poets molded and even changed the cadence of the spoken language. Last summer I read this opinion delivered by a contemporary short story writer to an approving interviewer: "Those people are educated who think out their own thoughts. College people are not educated. They take readymade garments." I took comfort from a very Greek remark of E. S. Martin's that "not nearly so many people are out of their heads as ought to be — considering the heads."

Whatever discouragement our philosophy may suggest to the artist, he renews his hope when he sees the splendid teaching that here and there the youngest children receive in competent elementary schools. All the arts there are taught as art, even literature. If we are to improve the relation between the teaching and the practice of art, perhaps it is waste of time to bother with the present teachers and the present writers — they may be too old to save. But if these children who now write and paint and model and dance in the lower grades of our school system could be permitted to follow the same æsthetic interests up to the high school, to the college, to the graduate course, we should soon have a study of literature from first to last which would see the art through the artist's eyes. That would be our desired Chapter Two. Later, and not too late, we might study the effect of books on the reader. That would be Chapter Three.

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GOING WEST

By Mary Austin

SOME day I shall go west,
Having won all time to love it in, at last,
Too still to boast.

But when I smell the sage,
When the long, marching landscape line
Melts into wreathing mountains,
And the dust cones dance,
Something in me that is of them will stir.

Happy if I come home
When the musk scented, moon white gilia blows,
When all the hills are blue, remembering
The sea from which they rose.
Happy again,
When blunt faced bees carouse
In the red flagons of the incense shrub,
Or apricots have lacquered boughs,
And trails are dim with rain!

Lay me where some contented oak can prove
How much of me is nurture for a tree;
Sage thoughts of mine
Be acorn clusters for the deer to browse.
My loving whimsies — Will you chide again
When they come up as lantern flowers?

I shall be small and happy as the grass,
Proud if my tip
Stays the white, webby moons the spider weaves,
Where once you trod
Or down my bleaching stalks shall slip
The light, imprisoning dew.
I shall be bluets in the April sod!

Or if the wheel should turn too fast,
Run up and rest
As a sequoia for a thousand years!

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THE PRINCE OF TERROR

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THEY call him the "Prince of Terror", and those Americans who have known his work through the medium of the Grand Guignol or the Ambigu will shudderingly attest the justice of the title. But it is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal (the quaint library of old Paris which was so intimately associated with the great Balzac during the days when he lived in an attic in the Rue Lesdiguières and wrote that series of utterly worthless and preposterous novels which was to pave the way for the construction of the gigantic Comédie Humaine) that André de Lorde today spends the greater part of his time. He is there in his capacity as librarian. It is an official post to his liking, to which he won after a short career at the bar, and a longer period of service in the Ministry of Finance, as the private secretary of the Minister. But it is the other André de Lorde than the one who sits surrounded by shelves filled with books and musty documents, the more conspicuous André de Lorde, whom the Parisians know best. He is their *Prince de la Terreur,* and of him one of the most famous of French critics has written: "Where others have been satisfied to follow the beaten paths, he has sought out a very original and powerful formula, such a formula as is not found for the stage more than two or three times in a century."

It was not by one play or by any mere dozen plays that de Lorde won his title as the "Prince of Terror". Where the pieces of others that have been found worthy of being preserved in reading form are usually issued singly, the pieces of André de Lorde for the most part are brought out in collections according to the general nature of the subject with which they deal. Thus there is one volume, "Le Théâtre de la Peur"; another, "La Folie au Théâtre"; a third, "Le Théâtre de la Mort"; a fourth, "Le Théâtre de l'Epouvante"; a fifth, "Les Drames Mystérieux". In all there are more than a hundred plays bearing his name, nearly all of which scored striking successes and which, after having triumphed at the Théâtre Antoine, the Odéon, the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, the Ambigu, and above all at the Grand Guignol, of which de Lorde is the official *fournisseur,* were presented in various parts of the world and translated into many languages.

It was nearly twenty years ago that the first example of what is known as the Grand Guignol "thriller" found its way to America. That was "At the Telephone" (Au Telephone), which depicted a husband, dining with friends in an apartment in Paris, within a stone's throw of brilliantly lighted boulevards, hearing over the wire his wife and child being murdered by bandits in the lonely forest home forty miles away. "Au Telephone" was early de Lorde, one of the first brilliant essays in that *métier,* a *métier* of which the French alone seem to possess the full secret, of wringing from audiences the gasp and provoking the anguished shuddering of the flesh.

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In the long line of subsequent similar successes it is sufficient to mention "Le Système du Docteur Goudron et du Professor Plume" which, adapted from Edgar Allan Poe's "Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether", and introducing an element of horror which had escaped Poe, had more than fifteen hundred representations in France; "La Dormeuse", "Une Leçon à la Salpêtrière", "L'Obsession", "L'Horrible Expérience", "Madame Blanchard", "L'Attentat de la Maison Rouge", "Au Rat Mort", "Terre d'Epouvante", "Figures de Cire", "Bagne d'Enfants", "La Petite Roque" (from the tale by Guy de Maupassant), "Baraterie", "L'Homme Mystérieux", "La Nuit Rouge", "Les Invisibles", "La Dernière Torture", and "La Visiteuse".

In September, 1920, the Little Theatre of London was opened as the "Grand Guignol of England". Scores of proffered plays by English dramatists were examined in the hopes of finding what was needed as the *pièce de résistance* of the initial bill before the management, forced reluctantly to the conclusion that the construction of the stage thriller was not an English gift, turned to the French. There were available across the Channel many masters of the craft, men like Lenormand, Montignac, Hellem, D'Estoc, Bauche, Méré, Morel, and Chaine, but it was the compelling reputation of the "Prince of Terror" as one who so seldom "missed fire" that led to the selection of André de Lorde's "L'Horrible Expérience", presented under the English title — poor because it suggested the dénouement — of "The Hand of Death". "L'Horrible Expérience" is typical of de Lorde's method, which is based on sharp contrast as well as the conventional stage building up for the final effect. Thus in "L'Horrible Expérience" it is the low key of the beginning of the first act that heightens the horror of what follows.

An eminent physician, Doctor Charrier, has invented an electrical appliance by which he hopes to stimulate a suddenly arrested heart into action and thereby in many cases avert death. He is in his country home. With him are his adored motherless daughter, Jeanne, and his favorite pupil and prospective son-in-law, Jean Demare. The two men talk, the doctor babbling of his daughter, of her delicate constitution, of the difficulty he had in bringing her up in health. Half laughingly, half weepingly he confesses his jealousy of the younger man who is about to take her from him — an idiotic jealousy of course, but one which Demare will understand in later years. The famous machine is introduced, the current turned on, and Charrier explains his method. The old servant of the house announces a visitor apparently expected by the doctor who, with a start, hurries the departure of his daughter on a motor journey to her grandmother, before giving word to have the stranger admitted. To this point it has been the prettiest of homely scenes. The first suggestion of an ominous note comes with Jeanne's remark that they may expect her early return, as the motor is to travel by the shortest route, by way of a certain hill.

The stranger enters, dressed all in black, with the air of a simple and peaceable little bourgeois. He is always nameless, never anything but "un monsieur". Charrier has said to the servant: "Now, my good Maria, bring the gentleman in and look at him well. You will not see two like him in all your life." "Is he the President of the Republic?" asks the simple-minded Maria. "Not at all," says the

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doctor, laughing. The stranger is the public executioner. He has come to tell Charrier that there is to be an execution and a resulting body on which to test the powers of the invention. Drawn bit by bit from his diffidence, he tells of some of the terrible experiences of his profession, especially of a case where the hand of a man whose guillotined head had already dropped into the basket clutched him so fiercely that the fingers had to be broken in order to loosen the grip. The stranger departs. The telephone rings. There has been an accident, the car overturned, Jeanne dangerously hurt. With the descending curtain the stricken Charrier falls headlong to the floor.

In the second act the scene is the same, but it is a house of death. One by one three doctors pass across the stage, shaking Demare by the hand as they go out. For a moment Demare is alone. Then appears a terrible figure, the broken father, aged almost beyond recognition, his eyes ablaze with the light of madness. The room from which he has come is the room in which lies the body of his dead daughter. Demare, attempting consolation, is roughly repulsed. "My grief! I am not trying to forget it. I wish to live with my grief!" Demare points out that she had not suffered, that her death had been instantaneous, from a syncope. At the last word the madman trembles. There is a long silence as the idea begins to form in his brain. The experiment he had planned for others he will try on his own daughter. Demare, horrified, protests at the profanation, but the furious strength of the father's will bends him to share in the attempt. The body of the dead Jeanne is carried in and laid upon a table, her head toward the audience. With firm and practised hand the old doctor makes an incision in the breast, and the current of the machine is turned on. Hope gives way to despair. "Death holds her," cries

Charrier. "Death has taken my daughter, and I am powerless against him!" He lets Jeanne's head fall. At that instant the storm raging without becomes more violent. With a crash a shutter shatters a window, and the inrush of air extinguishes the lamp, leaving the room in darkness save for the leaping blue flame of the current. "Someone has entered this room," says Charrier. "Someone is here. In the darkness. Someone who is watching us." Then his wild eyes turn to the corpse. He fancies he detects a movement. "Her body trembled. And now her hand! Look at her hand!" Actually the right hand of the corpse

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begins to rise slowly, almost automatically, by jerks, the fingers outstretched as if they wish to clutch some invisible thing. Mad with joy Charrier throws himself by his daughter's side before the table.

CHARRIER. She lives! There is no doubt! She lives!
DEMARE. No, it is rigidity beginning. A bodily contraction. Do you remember, only a few hours ago we were discussing it.
CHARRIER *(taking the hand and kissing it with frenzy)*. Jeanne, my little Jeanne.

But at the moment of his lips touching the palm, the hand of his daughter closes over his face, then slips to his throat; the fingers of the dead woman close and bury themselves in the flesh, and hold there relentlessly despite the struggles of the strangling man and the efforts of Demare. Finally released, Charrier gives a last cry and falls dead as the door opens and the terrified old servant appears on the threshold.

MARIA. What has happened?
DEMARE. He is dead — strangled!
MARIA *(repeating without understanding)*. Strangled!
DEMARE. He wished to try an experiment — to bring back his daughter to life.
MARIA *(kneeling before Charrier's body and making the sign of the cross)*. To touch the dead — that is sacrilege.
DEMARE. One would say that Death has avenged himself.

II

As Edgar Allan Poe's "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether" is a tale that is fairly familiar to most American readers and easily accessible to all others, it seems worth while to illustrate the methods that have won André de Lorde the title of the "Prince of Terror" by a comparison of the story as it was originally written and as it has been presented on the stage. As Poe conceived and wrote it, the story was pure whimsy, in design an entirely different type of tale from "The Fall of the House of Usher", or "The Black Cat", or "The Cask of Amontillado", or "The Masque of Red Death". A traveler in the south of France visits a *maison de santé* noted for its conciliatory method of treating lunatics. He is met and entertained by one who is apparently the presiding physician and by a motley company whose behavior grows more curious as the evening wears on. Finally he discovers that these people are the real lunatics who have overpowered and imprisoned their keepers.

Following this general idea the "Prince of Terror" has added the Grand Guignol touch. The supposed presiding physician, receiving graciously the two Parisian journalists who wish to investigate the "system", is disturbed by cries and groans that seem to come from a room adjoining the stage. As repeated admonitions and poundings on the door fail to silence the offender, "Goudron", in a fury, disappears into the room, closing the door behind him. There is a terrible cry followed by a strident laugh, and "Goudron" emerges, calm and smiling, but with the backs of his hands lacerated. When, at the end of the play, the imprisoned keepers have escaped from their cells and regained control over the festive lunatics, attention is again called to the adjoining room, and a thin stream of blood is seen trickling under the door. With the falling curtain two of the guards bring out the body of the real director, his face terribly slashed by razor strokes inflicted by the supposed Goudron, in reality the most dangerous of all the maniacs of the establishment.

It was natural that, among all the tales of Poe, de Lorde should have turned first to "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether", for in

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mental aberration he has always found one of his most fruitful fields. The son of a distinguished physician (incidentally he is the son-in-law of Mounet-Sully, the late dean of the Comédie Française), he began at an early age to haunt the hospitals that specialize in disorders of the brain, in search of dramatic material. As the psychiatrist Gilbert Ballet of the French Academy of Medicine has pointed out in his introduction to the collection of de Lorde's plays entitled "Madness in the Theatre" (La Folie au Théâtre), insanity through the ages has had a particular appeal to dramatic authors from the time of the great tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, through Shakespeare's "Lear", "Hamlet", and "Macbeth", and Goethe's "Faust", down to Ibsen with his long line of "abnormals", "neuropaths", "impulsives", and "obsessed".

Of the three plays, "L'Homme Mystérieux", "La Petite Roque", and "Les Invisibles", that make up "La Folie au Théâtre", the first named is unquestionably the most important. In his own introduction to that play de Lorde tells that his object in writing is to illustrate the danger to society from the paranoiac at large who is cunning enough to dissimulate his madness. The Mysterious Man, Raymond Bercier, is one of two brothers who are at the head of a large engineering firm of Rouen. Too close application to work has brought about a mental disorder that takes the form of groundless suspicion of those nearest to him, his wife, his brother, and his intimate business associates. His wife, whom he has attempted to strangle, and the family physician, have had him placed in a nearby *maison de santé*. The brother, who does not know of the act of open violence, is urging that steps be taken to effect his release, and calls into the family council an uncle who has an interest in the business. The wife, against her better judgment, is finally persuaded to sign the necessary petition for an examination before the *Procureur de la République*.

There is a long and rigid examination which the afflicted man undergoes with great restraint and cunning, acknowledging that his incarceration was a wise act, but claiming that he has been completely cured by the treatment, and that all his baseless suspicion of those about him has completely vanished. The physician of the asylum, who has had him under observation, protests strongly against the idea of release, either now or at any time in the future. From his long experience as an alienist he cites the cases of those who, possessing every appearance of reason, have been insane; and this man, he contends, is not only mentally unbalanced but a maniac of the most dangerous type, forever incurable. To see him free would be a positive crime. The *Procureur de la République*, unconvinced, bids the physician prove the madness. In the attempts, at the critical moments, the physician is balked by the brother's interruptions. The *Procureur*, who is the judge of last resort, orders the release. The very day that the Mysterious Man returns to his home, he slashes his wife with a knife and strangles his brother to death.

III

In an analysis of the work of André de Lorde which forms the preface to "Le Théâtre de la Peur", Alfred Binet, director of the Psychological-Physiological Laboratory of the Sorbonne, has written:

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Poe was a poor human rag who excelled in writing tales that agonized the emotions simply because he himself, by reason of his nature, was prepared to undergo the horrors of all these emotions. His case throws a light on the case of André de Lorde, despite the wide difference between the two men.

I think of the latter as a highly sensitized nature, who, from the beginning, either on account of a somewhat irrational education, or because of unexpected happenings, has often been wrung by gloomy images. The child, in growing to manhood, retains always something of the child soul. With the poet, the gift for images and for emotions is often only a survival of the early years, an embryonic psychology for which the adult mind had found a superior form of expression; the poet is a child who has learned to express himself as a man. So I imagine that in the mind of André de Lorde, there remains a corner of childhood. But it is not the childhood of the poet, with its illusions, its images, its joyous bounds that has survived. Here are emotions, indefinable, immeasurable, of sombre hue, with anxieties, superstitious fears, anguish, and perhaps doubts. In him there is a child who has been afraid. . . . If André de Lorde had not preserved, in the intimacy of his own soul, these terrible impressions of frightened childhood, he never could have written plays that are so original and powerful.

But the mature de Lorde, living in the heart of a complex and changing world, has drawn upon the events of contemporary history and the tragedies and sordid aspects of modern life, for much of his material. The imaginary kingdoms by the sea, the dark tarn of Auber, the ghoul haunted woodland of Weir, of Poe's brain, have given place to realms and terrors nearer at hand. Nihilistic vengeance upon a despot of the knout wreaked in a private dining room of a Paris restaurant within sound of the music and the street cries; the plight of a handful of Europeans caught in the Boxer Rebellion, apparently cut off from hope and destined to fiendish torture at the hands of the Chinese; the Mont Pelée disaster, with the thousands of victims seeing their death coming in the lava flood — these are the themes which, adroitly handled, lend to the stage presentation a more terrifying sense of reality.

There is a curious resemblance between the Conan Doyle story, "The Pot of Caviare", and André de Lorde's "La Dernière Torture", which, as a revival, was holding the boards of the Grand Guignol a year ago. In the Doyle story a group of Europeans and Americans is in Peking surrounded by the insurgent Boxers. An American professor, who has experienced previous rebellions, and knows the death of the hot eggs and the death of the splinters, is resolved that no living being shall fall into the Boxers' hands. To this end he serves at what he believes to be their last meal a pot of poisoned caviare and all pass away to eternal sleep just at the minute of the entry of the rescuing Allies into the city. To this main idea de Lorde has added the stage touches of the master craftsman. The scene is the French Legation. The Minister, his daughter, one or two other families connected with the Legation, and a dozen Breton sailors from the French navy, are cut off and apparently without hope. In the darkness the sailors blaze away at the unseen foe. A sailor, escaped after undergoing the torture, makes his way in to die. His hands have been horribly severed at the wrists. The noise of the battle grows nearer. It is evidently the end. The Minister takes his daughter in his arms, hiding from her the revolver that is to save her from the hands of the Boxers. As, after the report, her body slips through his arms to the ground, there is another sound. The bugles of the onrushing French troops are blaring the "Marseillaise".

In "Terre d'Epouvante" (Land of Fright) de Lorde, this time with the collaboration of Eugène Morel, pic-

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tured the catastrophe which blotted out Saint-Pierre in Martinique, a horror which was followed in a few years by similar horrors in Sicily and Calabria. Fearful as was the plight of those above ground who, witnessing the coming of the molten tidal wave, had at least a chance to attempt escape, the most terrible scene is that depicting the group of unfortunate malefactors, imprisoned underground, in a cave in which they cannot distinguish day from night, being suffocated by the fumes of the sulphur that they cannot understand. "Au Rat Mort, Cabinet 6", which was once played in the United States under the title "A Pair of White Gloves", deals with a brutal Russian of the old régime, General Gregorff, who is first inveigled into drinking himself into a state in which his legs are powerless of action, and then strangled by the sister of the Ivan Michelwitz who had died under the blows of his knout. In lower key, and perhaps for that reason even more gripping, is the war piece, "La Visiteuse", showing the conflicting emotions of the wife and the secret mistress awaiting and fearing the arrival of the strange woman whose coming is to tell of the death on the battlefield of the man who is so dear to them both. Then there is "Baraterie", dealing with the lives of those who send to sea rotten ships that are over-insured: and "Figures de Cire", in which a boaster, on a wager, agrees to spend a night in a wax Chamber of Horrors, and dies from sheer fright — indefinitely the narrative might be carried on without exhausting the roll of odd and nerveracking situations by which de Lorde has made his name as the "Prince of Terror".

LANDSCAPE

By Maxwell Bodenheim

THE countless vagaries of maple leaves
The gaudy humbleness of flowers and weeds
The hill, a placid stoic to all creeds,
They use an obvious language that deceives
The subtle theories of human ears.
They are the futuristic poets of time:
Their tongue is motion and they scorn the rhyme
And metre made by men to soothe their fears.

Beneath the warm strength of each August hour
They spurn cohesion and the plans of thought,
With quick simplicity that seems confused
Because it signals mystic whims that tower
Above the thoughts and loves that men have caught:
Beyond the futile words that men have used.

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ON A CHINESE SCREEN

By W. Somerset Maugham

The Rolling Stone

I HEARD his extraordinary story before I saw him and I expected someone of striking appearance. It seemed to me that anyone who had gone through such singular experiences must have in his outer man something singular too. But I found a person in whose aspect there was nothing whatever remarkable. He was smaller than the average, somewhat frail, sunburned, with hair beginning to turn grey though he was still under thirty, and brown eyes. He looked like anybody else, and you might see him half a dozen times before remembering who he was. If you had happened upon him behind the counter of a department store or on a stool in a broker's office you would have thought him perfectly in place. But you would have noticed him as little as you noticed the counter or the stool. There was so little in him to attract attention that in the end it became intriguing: his face, empty of significance, reminded you of the blank wall of a Manchu palace, in a sordid street, behind which you knew were painted courtyards, carved dragons, and heaven knows what subtle intricacy of life.

For his whole career was remarkable. The son of a veterinary surgeon, he had been a reporter in the London police courts and then had gone as steward on board a merchant ship to Buenos Aires. There he had deserted and somehow or other had worked his way across South America. From a port in Chili he managed to get to the Marquesas where for six months he had lived on the natives, always ready to offer hospitality to a white man, and there, begging a passage on a schooner to Tahiti, had shipped to Amoy as second mate of an old tub which carried Chinese labor to the Society Islands.

That was nine years before I met him and since then he had lived in China. First he got work with the B.A.T. Company, but after a couple of years of this he found it monotonous; and having acquired a certain knowledge of the language he entered the employment of a firm which distributed patent medicines through the length and breadth of the land. For three years he wandered in province after province, selling pills, and at the end of it had saved eight hundred dollars. He cut himself adrift once more.

He began then the most remarkable of his adventures. He set out from Peking on a journey right across the country, traveling in the guise of a poor Chinaman, with his roll of bedding, his Chinese pipe, and his tooth brush. He stayed in the Chinese inns, sleeping on the kangs huddled up with fellow wayfarers, and ate the Chinese food. This alone is no mean feat. He used the train but little, going for the most part on foot, by cart, or by river. He went through Shen-si and Shan-si; he walked on the windy plateaus of Mongolia and risked his life in barbaric Turkestan; he spent long weeks with the nomads of the desert and traveled with the cara-

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vans that carried the brick tea across the arid wilderness of Gobi. At last, four years later, having spent his last dollar, he reached Peking once more.

He set about looking for a job. The easiest way to earn money seemed to write, and the editor of one of the English papers in China offered to take a series of articles on his journey. I suppose his only difficulty was to choose from the abundance of his experience. He knew much which he was perhaps the only Englishman to know. He had seen all manner of things, quaint, impressive, terrible, amusing, and unexpected. He wrote twenty-four articles. I will not say that they were unreadable, for they showed a careful and sympathetic observation, but he had seen everything at haphazard, as it were, and they were but the material of art. They were like the catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, a mine to the imaginative man, but the foundation of literature rather than literature itself. He was the field naturalist who patiently collects an infinity of facts, but has no gift for generalization: they remain facts that await the synthesis of minds more complicated than his. He collected neither plants nor beasts, but men. His collection was unrivaled, but his knowledge of it slender.

When I met him I sought to discern how the variety of his experience had affected him; but though he was full of anecdote, a jovial, friendly creature, willing to talk at length of all he had seen, I could not discover that any of his adventures had intimately touched him. The instinct to do all the queer things he had done showed that there was in him a streak of queerness. The civilized world irked him and he had a passion to get away from the beaten trail. The oddities of life amused him. He had an insatiable curiosity. But I think his experiences were merely of the body and were never translated into experiences of the soul. Perhaps that is why at bottom you felt he was commonplace. The insignificance of his mien was a true index to the insignificance of his soul. Behind the blank wall was blankness.

That was certainly why with so much to write about he wrote tediously, for in writing the important thing is less richness of material than richness of personality.

The Altar of Heaven

IT stands open to the sky, three round terraces of white marble, placed one above the other, which are reached by four marble staircases, and these face the four points of the compass. It represents the celestial sphere with its cardinal points. A great park surrounds it and this again is surrounded by high walls. And hither, year after year, on the night of the winter solstice, for then heaven is reborn, generation after generation came the Son of Heaven solemnly to worship the original creator of his house. Escorted by princes and the great men of the realm, followed by his troops, the emperor purified by fasting proceeded to the altar. And here awaited him princes and ministers and mandarins, each in his allotted place, musicians and the dancers of the sacred dance. In the scanty light of the great torches the ceremonial robes were darkly splendid. And before the great tablet on which were inscribed the words: "Imperial Heaven — Supreme Emperor", he offered incense, jade, and silk, broth and rice spirit. He knelt and knocked his forehead against the marble pavement nine times.

And here at the very spot where the vice regent of heaven and earth knelt

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down, Willard B. Untermeyer wrote his name in a fine bold hand and the town and state he came from, Hastings, Nebraska. So he sought to attach his fleeting personality to the recollection of that grandeur of which some dim rumor had reached him. He thought that so men would remember him when he was no more. He aimed in this crude way at immortality. But vain are the hopes of men. For no sooner had he sauntered down the steps than a Chinese caretaker who had been leaning against the balustrade, idly looking at the blue sky, came forward, spat neatly on the spot where Willard B. Untermeyer had written, and with his foot smeared his spittle over the name. In a moment no trace remained that Willard B. Untermeyer had ever visited that place.

The Opium Den

ON the stage it makes a very effective set. It is dimly lit. The room is low and squalid. In one corner a lamp burns mysteriously before a hideous image and incense fills the theatre with its exotic scent. A pigtailed Chinaman wanders to and fro, aloof and saturnine, while on wretched pallets lie stupefied the victims of the drug. Now and then one of them breaks into frantic raving. There is a highly dramatic scene where some poor creature, unable to pay for the satisfaction of his craving, with prayers and curses begs the villainous proprietor for a pipe to still his anguish. I have read also in novels descriptions which made my blood run cold. And when I was taken to an opium den by a smooth spoken Eurasian the narrow, winding stairway up which he led me prepared me sufficiently to receive the thrill I expected. I was introduced into a neat enough room, brightly lit, divided into cubicles the raised floor of which, covered with clean matting, formed a convenient couch. In one an elderly gentleman, with a grey head and very beautiful hands, was quietly reading a newspaper, with his long pipe by his side. In another two coolies were lying, with a pipe between them, which they alternately prepared and smoked. They were young men, of a hearty appearance, and they smiled at me in a friendly way. One of them offered me a smoke. In a third four men squatted over a chess board, and a little farther on a man was dandling a baby (the inscrutable Oriental has a passion for children) while the baby's mother, whom I took to be the landlord's wife, a plump, pleasant faced woman, watched him with a broad smile on her lips. It was a cheerful spot, comfortable, homelike, and cosy. It reminded me somewhat of the little intimate beer houses of Berlin where the tired working man could go in the evening and spend a peaceful hour. Fiction is stranger than fact.

Romance

ALL day I had been dropping down the river. This was the river up which Chang Chien, seeking its source, had sailed for many days till he came to a city where he saw a girl spinning and a youth leading an ox to the water. He asked what place this was and in reply the girl gave him her shuttle telling him to show it on his return to the astrologer Yen Chün-ping who would thus know where he had been. He did so and the astrologer at once recognized the shuttle as that of the Spinning Damsel, further declaring that on the day and at the hour when

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Chang Chien received the shuttle he had noticed a wandering star intrude itself between the Spinning Damsel and the Cowherd. So Chang Chien knew that he had sailed on the bosom of the Milky Way.

I, however, had not been so far. All day, as for seven days before, my five rowers, standing up, had rowed, and there rang still in my ears the monotonous sound of their oars against the wooden pin that served as a rowlock. Now and again the water became very shallow and there was a jar and a jolt as we scraped along the stones of the river bed. Then two or three of the rowers turned up their blue trousers to the hip and let themselves over the side. Shouting they dragged the flat bottomed boat over the shoal. Now and again we came to a rapid, of no great consequence when compared with the turbulent rapids of the Yang-tze but sufficiently swift to call for trackers to pull the junks that were going up stream; and we, going down, passed through them with many shouts, shot the foaming breakers and presently reached water as smooth as any lake.

Now it was night and all my crew were asleep, forward, huddled together in such shelter as they had been able to rig up when we moored at dusk. I sat on my bed. Bamboo matting spread over three wooden arches made the sorry cabin which for a week had served me as parlor and bedroom. It was closed at one end by matchboarding so roughly put together that there were large chinks between the boards. The bitter wind blew through them. It was on the other side of this that the crew — fine sturdy fellows — rowed by day and slept by night, joined then by the steersman who had stood from dawn to dusk, in a tattered blue gown and a wadded coat of faded grey, a black turban round his head, at the long oar which was his helm. There was no furniture but my bed, a shallow dish like an enormous soup plate in which burned charcoal, for it was cold, a basket containing my clothes which I used as a table, and a hurricane lamp which hung from one of the arches and swayed slightly with the motion of the water. The cabin was so low that I, a person of no great height (I comfort myself with Bacon's observation that with tall men it is as with tall houses, the top story is commonly the least furnished), could only just stand upright. One of the sleepers began to snore more loudly, and perhaps he awoke two of the others, for I heard the sound of speaking; but presently this ceased, the snorer was quiet, and all about me once more was silence.

Then suddenly I had a feeling that here, facing me, touching me almost, was the romance I sought. It was a feeling like no other, just as specific as the thrill of art; but I could not for the life of me tell what it was that had given me just then that rare emotion.

In the course of my life I have been often in situations which, had I read of them, would have seemed to me sufficiently romantic; but it is only in retrospect, comparing them with my ideas of what was romantic, that I have seen them as at all out of the ordinary. It is only by an effort of the imagination, making myself as it were a spectator of myself acting a part, that I have caught anything of the precious quality in circumstances which in others would have seemed to me instinct with its fine flower. When I have danced with an actress whose fascination and whose genius made her the idol of my country, or wandered through the halls of some great

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house in which were gathered all that was distinguished by lineage or intellect that London could show, it has only been afterward that I recognized that here if anywhere was romance. In battle, when, myself in no great danger, I was able to watch events with a thrill of interest, I had not the phlegm to assume the part of a spectator. I have sailed through the night, under the full moon, to a coral island in the Pacific; and then the beauty and the wonder of the scene gave me a conscious happiness, but only later the exhilarating sense that romance and I had touched fingers. I heard the flutter of its wings when once, in the bedroom of a hotel in New York, I sat round a table with half a dozen others and made plans to restore an ancient kingdom whose wrongs have for a century inspired the poet and the patriot; but my chief feeling was a surprised amusement that through the hazards of war I found myself engaged in business so foreign to my bent. The authentic thrill of romance has seized me under circumstances which one would have thought far less romantic, and I remember that I knew it first one evening when I was playing cards in a cottage on the coast of Brittany. In the next room an old fisherman lay dying and the women of the house said that he would go out with the tide. Without a storm was raging and it seemed fit for the last moments of that aged warrior of the seas that his going should be accompanied by the wild cries of the wind as it hurled itself against the shuttered windows. The waves thundered upon the tortured rocks. I felt a sudden exultation, for I knew that here was romance.

And now the same exultation seized me, and once more romance, like a bodily presence, was before me. But it had come so unexpectedly that I was intrigued. I could not tell whether it had crept in among the shadows that the lamp threw on the bamboo matting or whether it was wafted down the river that I saw through the opening of my cabin. Curious to know what were the elements that made up the ineffable delight of the moment I went out to the stern of the boat. Alongside were moored half a dozen junks, going up river, for their masts were erect; and everything was silent in them. Their crews were long since asleep. The night was not dark, for though it was cloudy the moon was full, but the river in that veiled light was ghostly. A vague mist blurred the trees on the farther bank. It was an enchanting sight, but there was in it nothing unaccustomed and what I sought was not there. I turned away. But when I returned to my bamboo shelter the magic which had given it so extraordinary a character was gone. Alas, I was like a man who should tear a butterfly to pieces in order to discover in what its beauty lay. And yet, as Moses descending from Mount Sinai wore on his face a brightness from his converse with the God of Israel, my little cabin, my little dish of charcoal, my lamp, even my camp bed, had still about them something of the thrill which for a moment was mine. I could not see them any more quite indifferently, because for a moment I had seen them magically.

Arabesque

THERE in the mist, enormous, majestic, silent, and terrible, stood the great wall of China. Solitarily, with the indifference of nature herself, it crept up the mountain side and slipped down to the depth of the valley. Menacingly, the grim watch towers, stark and foursquare, at due

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intervals stood at their posts. Ruthlessly, for it was built at the cost of a million lives and each one of those great grey stones has been stained with the bloody tears of the captive and the outcast, it forged its dark way through a sea of rugged mountains. Fearlessly, it went on its endless journey, league upon league to the farthermost regions of Asia, in utter solitude, mysterious like the great empire it guarded. There in the mist, enormous, majestic, silent, and terrible, stood the great wall of China.

A Libation to the Gods

SHE was an old woman, and her face was wizened and deeply lined. In her grey hair three long silver knives formed a fantastic headgear. Her dress of faded blue consisted of a long jacket, worn and patched, and a pair of trousers that reached a little below her calves. Her feet were bare, but on one ankle she wore a silver bangle. It was plain that she was very poor. She was not stout but squarely built and in her prime she must have done without effort the heavy work in which her life had been spent. She walked leisurely, with the sedate tread of an elderly woman, and she carried on her arm a basket. She came down to the harbor; it was crowded with painted junks; her eyes rested for a moment curiously on a man who stood on a narrow bamboo raft, fishing with cormorants; and then she set about her business. She put down her basket on the stones of the quay, at the water's edge, and took from it a red candle. This she lit and fixed in a chink of the stones. Then she took several joss sticks, held each of them for a moment in the flame of the candle and set them up around it. She took three tiny bowls and filled them with a liquid that she had brought with her in a bottle and placed them neatly in a row. Then from her basket she took rolls of paper cash and paper "shoes", and unraveled them, so that they should burn easily. She made a little bonfire, and when it was well alight she took the three bowls and poured out some of their contents before the smoldering joss sticks. She bowed herself three times and muttered certain words. She stirred the burning paper so that the flames burned brightly. Then she emptied the bowls on the stones and again bowed three times. No one took the smallest notice of her. She took a few more paper cash from her basket and flung them in the fire. Then without further ado, she took up her basket, and with the same leisurely, rather heavy tread, walked away. The gods were duly propitiated, and like an old peasant woman in France who has satisfactorily done her day's housekeeping, she went about her business.

The Question

THEY took me to the temple. It stood on the side of a hill with a semicircle of tawny mountains behind it, staging it, as it were, with a formal grandeur; and they pointed out to me with what exquisite art the series of buildings climbed the hill till you reached the final edifice, a jewel of white marble encircled by the trees; for the Chinese architect sought to make his creation an ornament to nature and he used the accidents of the landscape to complete his decorative scheme. They pointed out to me how cunningly the trees were planted to contrast with the marble of a gateway, to give an agreeable shadow here, or

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there to serve as a background; and they made me remark the admirable proportion of those great roofs, rising one beyond the other, in rich profusion, with the grace of flowers; and they showed me that the yellow tiles were of different hues so that the sensibility was not offended by an expanse of color but amused and pleased by a subtle variety of tone. They showed me how the elaborate carving of a gateway was contrasted with a surface without adornment so that the eye was not wearied. All this they showed me as we walked through elegant courtyards, over bridges which were a miracle of grace, through temples with strange gods, dark and gesticulating; but when I asked them what was the spiritual state which had caused all this mass of building to be made, they could not tell me.

The Stripling

HE walked along the causeway with an easy confident stride. He was seventeen, tall and slim, with a smooth and yellow skin that had never known a razor. His eyes, but slightly aslant, were large and open and his full red lips were tremulous with a smile. The happy audacity of youth was in his bearing. His little round cap was set jauntily on his head, his black gown was girt about his loins, and his trousers, as a rule gartered at the ankle, were turned up to the knees. He went barefoot but for thin straw sandals, and his feet were small and shapely. He had walked since early morning along the paved causeway that wound its sinuous path up the hills and down into the valleys with their innumerable *padi* fields, past burial grounds with their serried dead, through busy villages where maybe his eyes rested approvingly for a moment on some pretty girl in her blue smock and her short blue trousers, sitting in an open doorway (but I think his glance claimed admiration rather than gave it), and now he was nearing the end of his journey and the city whither he was bound seeking his fortune. It stood in the midst of a fertile plain, surrounded by a crenelated wall, and when he saw it he stepped forward with resolution. He threw back his head boldly. He was proud of his strength. All his worldly goods were wrapped up in a parcel of blue cotton which he carried over his shoulder.

Now Dick Whittington, setting out to win fame and fortune, had a cat for his companion, but the Chinese carried with him a round cage with red bars, which he held with a peculiar grace between finger and thumb; and in the cage was a beautiful green parrot.

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THE GRACKLE AND THE PEAR TREE

Being a Symposium in the manner of certain Modern American Poets who had been shown a Tree with a Bird on it, and told it was a Grackle

By Margaret Widdemer

IMRI SWAZEY

A la Edgar Lee Masters

I WAS a shock headed boy, bringing in the laundry . . .
Why did I try for that damn bird, anyway?
I suppose it was just that I had the habit of throwing stones;
I chucked one, anyhow.
And it ricocheted and hit my head,
And as it hadn't any brains inside the stone busted it —
And there I was, dead as a door nail.
And dead with me were all the improper things
I'd got out of the servants about their employers,
Bringing in the laundry.
But the grackle sings on . . .
Sing forever, o grackle!
I died, knowing lots of things *you* don't know!

OISEAURIE

A la Amy Lowell

GLUNK!
I toss my heels up to my head. . . .
That was a bird I heard say Glunk
As I walked statelily through my extensive, expensive
English country estates,
Dressed in a pink brocade with silver buttons, maroon passementerie,
cut with panniers and a train like rain — expensive watered silk.
But it
Is dead now (the bird)
Probably putrescent
And green. . . .
I scrabble my toes. . . .
Glunk!

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INEVITABILITY

A la Jessie B. Rittenhouse

I GAZE from out my window,
Beloved, and I see
A bird upon a pear bough —
But what is that to me?

Because the thought comes icy —
That bird you never knew;
It's not your bird or pear bough,
And what is it to you?

BIRD ON TREE: IMPRESSION

A la Emanuel Morgan

GREEN bored puffiness
Against unfenced ladders of nascent clothespins.

RAMBUNCTO

A la Edwin Arlington Robinson

WELL, they're quite dead, Rambuncto; thoroughly dead.
It was a natural thing enough; my eyes
Stared baffled down the forest aisles, brown and green,
Not learning what the marks were . . . still, who knows?
Not I, who stooped and picked the things that day,
Scarlet and gold and smooth, friend — smooth enough!
And she's in a vault now, old Jane Fotheringham,
My mother-in-law; and my wife's seven aunts,
And that cursed bird who used to sit and croak
Upon their pear tree . . . they threw scraps to him . . .
My wife, too . . . Lord, that was a curious thing!
Because — "I don't like mushrooms much," I said;
So they ate all I picked. . . . And then they died.
But — well, who knows it isn't better that way?
It's quieter, anyhow. . . . Rambuncto — friend —
Why, you're not going? Well . . . it's a stupid year,
And the world's very useless. . . . Sorry. . . . Still
The dusk intransience that I much prefer
Leaves room for little hope and less regret.
I don't suppose he'd care to stay and dine
Under the circumstances. . . . What's life for?

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THE BIRD MISUNDERSTOOD

A la Robert Frost

THERE was a grackle sat on our old pear tree —
Don't ask me why; I never did really know;
But he made my wife and me feel for actually the first time
We were out in the genuine country, hindering things to grow;

It gave us a sort of queer feeling to hear the grackle grackle,
But when it got to be winter time he rose up and went thence;
And now we shall never know, though we watch the tree till April,
Whether his curious crying ever made sound or sense.

OH, BIRD!!!

A la Angela Morgan

I HEARD a flaming voice that screamed,
"Man, panting, crushed, must be redeemed!
Man! All the crowd of him!
Silent or loud of him!
Men! Raging souls of them!
Heaps of them! Shoals of them!
Panting in æons of scarlet tongued rapture,
Leaping for glories, all avid to capture
Bounteous thrillings of star beaten bliss!! . . ."
I heard a voice cry, and I'm sure it said this,
Though the cook said the noise was a tree and a bird —
But I heard! Gods! I heard!

ADMIRATION

A la Aline Kilmer

KENTON'S arrogant eyes watch the tan colored pear tree;
His thistle-down-footed sister puts out her tongue at him;
Kenton, what do you see? That yonder is only a bare tree —
Come, carry Deborah home; she is gossamer-light and slim.

"Aw, mother, but I don't wanto," Kenton answers with hauteur,
"I'm watching a bird on that tree, and Dib knows how to walk home!"
Oh, Kenton, Kenton, my child, you never do what you oughter,
But in spite of it I admire you, as you'll see when you read this pome.

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AT AUTUMN

A la Sara Teasdale

I BEND and watch the grackles billing,
And slip in tears as I droop by. . . .
Oh, be a fowl for my heart's filling!
Oh, be a bird, yet never fly!

THE HOBOKEN GRACKLE AND THE HOBO: AN EXPLANATION

A la Vachel Lindsay

AS I went marching, torn socked, free, *(Steadily)*
With my red heart marching all agog in front of me,
And my throbbing heels
And my throbbing feet
Making an impression on the Hoboken street, *(With energy)*
Then I saw a pear tree, a fowl, a bird,
And the worst sort of noise an Illinoiser ever heard; *(Disgustedly)*
Banks — of — poets — round — that — tree —
All of the *Po*etry Soc*i*ety but *me!*
All acackle, addressed it as a grackle, *(Chatteringly, as parrots)*
Showed me its hackle (that proved it was a fly)
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet! *(Cooingly, yet with annoyance)*
Gosh, what a packed street!
The Secretary, *President*, and TREASURER went by!

"That's not a grackle," says I to all of him,
Seething with their poetry, iron tongued, grim —
"That's an English sparrow on that limb!"

And they all went home
No more to roam,
And I saw their unmade poetry rise up like foam;
And I took my bandanna again on my stick
And walked to a grocery store and took my pick —
I bought crackers, canned shrimps, corn,
Codfish like the flakes of snow at morn,
Buns for breakfast and a fountain pen,
Threw my change down and walked out again,
And I walked through Hoboken, torn socked, free,
WITH MY RED HEART GALUMPHING ALL AGOG IN FRONT OF ME!

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

VII: REVIEWING AND OTHER LITERARY CHORES

In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested. The department for this month appears on page 117.*

NEW YORK, *August*, 1922.

A VERY considerable army of people engage in writing as a business who do not write successful fiction, nor successful plays, nor successful scenarios. Many of them do well enough, in their way, as journalists. These may be editorial writers, or newspaper "correspondents", or writers of special articles for, say, the weekly magazines, or reporters of various sorts and degrees. Others may be press agents, and what not.

Not a few of the younger of these professional writers cheerily regard their occupation as a more or less temporary means of gaining a livelihood, a marking of time, a stopgap until the happy day to which they aspire when, by efforts outside their routine work, they will have acquired the opportunity to devote themselves to creative work — and to write what they really "want to". There is, of course, in the annals of literature plenty of precedent for such a spirit.

Some members of this populous company of workaday writers have on a time happened, so to speak, to ring the bell a little while with work of more popular character; they live in the hope that they may chance to do so again — some time. Others have hard bought self wisdom, and have philosophically adapted themselves to the fact (which they have recognized as true) that they have not the flame. Well, there is this to be said: the curse of genius does not smite them still. Men and women frequently have the calmness of spirit to enjoy much more deeply the great works of literature when they have ceased to fret themselves with the fever of yearning to make some. And an intelligent view of the literature of the day may be perceptibly increased when one has adopted the disinterested rôle of, let us say, a non-combatant.

Then, strange as it may seem to many burning souls, there are hard-writing men who suffer nothing for literary ambition's sake. Excellent writing men among them, too. And men who know much of literature, both transient and enduring. Writing is their business; they (not a few) take pride in the conscientious character of their workmanship, and enjoy the respect of their colleagues. They are completely devoted to their business and cannot countenance the thought of any other. But on their way down to the substantial atmosphere of "the office", or wherever the path of duty leads them for the day, it does not occur to them to astonish the world nor, indeed, to seek any ap-

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plause at all. When a friend suggests to one of them that he ought to write a book (like such or such a one which has just made a hit), the journalist is apt to brush the idea aside with amusement as a little joke.

Much persuasion by his publishers has to be brought to bear on one of the most capable editorial writers in the country to induce him from time to time to collect his scattered magazine articles into a volume of "essays". "What's the use?" is his comment. Well, they are quite worth preserving for the delectation of a rather select audience of very fair proportions for that kind of thing. When pressed to write a "real" book — a sustained work of serious purpose, and a thing of which he is eminently capable — this cultivated gentleman's quiet reply is that he is simply a commentator upon the shifting scene; his field is "marginalia". He leads a life of intellectual dignity and is content.

One of the best known of New York's dramatic critics has steadily refused all publishers' solicitations for a book, though now and then (as a sort of lark, apparently) he writes a magazine article (having nothing to do with the theatre) of much wit and charm. One of the most widely read of New York newspaper columnists recently poohpoohed the insistent urging of his publishers that he put together another volume of his "stuff", declaring that the material was too slight in character to be reprinted in such a form. He is, indeed, a man who knows everybody, goes everywhere, sees everything, reads everything — enjoys both life and literature hugely. And then there is a writer well known for his essays and biographical studies who, when urged by a couple of distinguished writing friends to write a novel, replied: "But aren't there enough unreadable novels being turned out by almost everybody now?" And the dream of the average newspaper man in a great city is some day to run a small town paper of his own.

Very little is said about the phase of the writing business which has just been indicated. The point in here glancing at the matter is this: the literary aspirant is apt to have a somewhat warped view of the situation, and to count much out of its true proportions a very obvious kind of success. There are writers and writers, and there is a good deal in the "literary life" besides the tumult and the shouting. Carolyn Wells one time remarked, I think, that the best of the rewards in her career was her association with the people she met. But the real core of the matter is an indestructible interest in the thing itself — in writing. If you have that you cannot fail, whatever your fortunes in the world, because the fulness of your reward comes from within you, and there none can break in and steal. William Hazlitt had a devil of a time of it in this life, but when he came to die he remarked: "Well, I have had a happy life."

But man cannot live by love for literature alone. There is the problem of making a living, or rather let us call it the adventure. A thought common among those who hope some day to write books of their own, is that they will make a beginning toward that end by reviewing books already written by others. But how to make this beginning?

Something which looks like a section of book reviews appears in a great many newspapers. The "literary notices" of the papers in smaller places, however, frequently are nothing more than publicity material sent out by the publishers and "pasted up", as the expression is. That is, the

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"canned reviews" written in the offices of the publishers are cut from the clip sheets supplied gratis to all newspapers, stuck onto pages of copy paper, and with little or no editing sent to the compositor. Naturally, this matter is all eulogistic. An interesting story is related by a man who conducts very successfully a syndicate which sells various forms of service to newspapers. He endeavored to interest a number of papers in the idea of subscribing for a weekly "literary letter" to be supplied by a writer of national reputation and an attractive and popular style. The feature would have cost each small paper very little, and its news of authors and survey of current books would of course have been impartial. The papers answered, however, for the most part, by saying that they did not see why they should pay anything for such material when they could get "the same thing" free from the publishers.

Publishers do not, of course, send review copies of their books to the newspapers in small communities. To do this would mean a greatly excessive distribution of free copies. The newspaper of a small town has neither the space nor the audience to make such a procedure profitable to the publisher. The publicity department of a publishing house chooses pretty carefully the list of newspapers to which review copies of each of its books are to go. Only the papers in the half dozen or so greater cities get nearly everything. Many important or expensive books are sent out for review rather sparingly.

Newspapers in the smaller cities, though they receive a goodly number of review volumes, frequently cannot afford to employ a literary editor; nor would such a person have enough to do where little more than a couple of columns perhaps less often than once a week can be devoted to the subject of books. The city editor, maybe, attends in odd moments to so inconsequential a matter as literature. (Or, in some cases, almost anyone about the place.) He may write all the book notices himself, or his wife may write a few now and then for literary exercise. He does not make much of a practice of giving out books for review on a business basis. Every once in awhile he may give a book to someone locally known for literary interests or attainments. In such cases oftentimes the reviewer gets the book to keep for his work, and nothing more. Indeed, a number of struggling magazines of a literary tendency which are read more or less beyond the boundaries of their own locality, reward their reviewers with nothing more than the books they review.

It may be remarked by the way that every now and then one comes upon a most excellent book review in a "provincial" newspaper, written, very probably, by one not at all actively engaged in reviewing but obviously by a genuine student of literature. One is tempted to say that the quality of the reviewing in the metropolitan papers is much better than it used to be. And yet maybe one can be too sure of that. A number of the newspapers of New York and other leading eastern cities a couple of decades or so ago had literary pages of altogether noble character. Perhaps they were a little heavy in effect, as such things go today. But sprightly literary criticism did not come into American newspapers with the sudden rise of the present Younger Generation, as numerous members of that company apparently suppose. An examination of the files some ten years back of perhaps the best known newspaper in the

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United States, will very distinctly show this fact.

The situation has, however, altered in quite recent years. All in all, considerably more space is given to books in the leading newspapers of the country today than was the case a few years ago. There is a decidedly increased amount of publishers' advertising. More people, in all likelihood, read book reviews now than formerly. Much greater space than was possible not long ago is now, because of the remarkably increased general interest in such works, given to books of distinctly literary character. The signed review has become much more general. This, doubtless, has made for more responsibility. Where formerly the facile pen of the professional hack reviewer ordinarily sufficed, the tendency now is to obtain the judgment of specialists living everywhere. And the vogue of the columnists (men of letters as well as wits) has done much to stimulate a popular taste for literary journalism.

How does one go about the matter of becoming a book reviewer? As has been shown, to derive any appreciable revenue from such a source it is necessary to deal with the newspapers of a large city and the well established magazines which devote attention to current literature. A thing frequently done by the novice is to send to a literary editor, without any preliminary negotiation, a review of a book published any time within the preceding two or three months. There is very little or no likelihood of such an article's being used. A short story or an article not dealing with a topic of the moment may be good any time, but a book review is a highly perishable commodity. Literary editors usually make a good deal of a point of promptness in handling their material. And publishers are very keen about early reviews. A common practice with their more important books is to send out for review advance copies or "sheets" (unbound volumes), with a word stating the release date for the review. Their hope is that the reviews (at least a number of them) will appear in print on or shortly after the date of publication of the book. Quarterly journals, of course, cannot pursue a policy of journalistic timeliness; they endeavor to compensate for this circumstance by a more pondered quality in their reviews.

The distinguished editor of one of the most successful literary sections of a New York newspaper recently was asked if there was anything he would care to say that might be of service to readers of this article. He made with a good deal of vigor a complaint. It was that so many people come in (and so many write in) to say that they want to do reviewing, but give him no idea of what sort of books they are particularly concerned with. When a person has such an interview with an editor, what is the customary happening? The editor (politely to get rid of him) takes down his name and address, intimating that he may send him some books before a great while — and that is the end of the matter.

The course more likely to lead to some success is this: let the caller (or the one who writes the editor a letter) state at once the field of his special interest, and (this at least should do no harm) ask for certain books which have just been published or are about to be published. Later it is not a bad idea for the applicant to check in the publishers' lists of advance announcements the titles of books which he feels particularly qualified to write about, and to send these lists to the editor he has called upon. Not a bad idea,

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that is, if it is not overdone — persons looking for books to review have sometimes in this way pestered literary editors out of all consideration for themselves.

The showing of examples of work done elsewhere may be useful. Letters of recommendation are often valueless; much depends upon the position of the writer of the letter. Certainly there is no advantage to be gained by presenting a letter from someone "back home" (an instructor in English, perhaps, or a clergyman) that the editor never heard of. The editor, very probably, would not be particularly inclined to give *him* a book to review. And too much reliance is frequently placed upon letters of introduction from men of position in the literary world. Such letters very often are merely perfunctory, and are discounted as such by the editor to whom they are addressed. Though now and then one of them leads to a happy chance. A writer and editor of considerable name and an easygoing temper (and one who has contributed more than a little to the substance of these articles) had given out so many letters of introduction with no result that he had come to expect nothing ever to happen from them. In fact, he fell into the mood of regarding it as something of a little joke on his editor friends whenever he sent around a new chap with a bunch of letters. Then one day a youth came back within a short time from a great newspaper with a number of books. The amiable writer of letters of introduction was somewhat startled: he wondered whether or not his protégé had a particle of ability. A bona fide friend of influence in editorial circles every now and then does give the newcomer a good deal of help in obtaining books to review, and other literary chores. A very popular reviewer who was a chum of a literary editor one time took away with him a book which he said he wanted for a friend of his to review. His friend was unknown to this literary editor, or to any other; and he had never written a book review in his life. He soon rivaled his patron, the star reviewer on that paper, and not long afterward was invited to become the literary editor of another metropolitan journal. Matters do not, however, happen that way right along. Usually a good deal of leg work is required to become a reviewer — the potential critic must continually make the round of many editorial offices.

In the matter of reviewing, as in the case of any other form of writing, it is a sensible thing to study the character of the journal to which one purposes to contribute. Though, as in any other form of writing, it is of course a very foolish thing to attempt slavishly to imitate anything as a model of style. It is merely a fact, obvious enough, that a review which goes very well in one place oftentimes would not fit into the scheme of things of an editor somewhere else. Reviewers for publications of any standing at all are left quite free to express their own opinions. At the same time, anyone may observe, the temper of some journals is one of restraint of style in adverse criticism; books are seldom hit very hard. In other journals there is a tendency toward more directness of manner. And just now a spirit of rather ebullient and caustic criticism is having something of a vogue here and there.

Reviewers are free to express their own opinions. Not long ago a man who had been contributing feature articles to one of the foremost New York newspapers more or less regularly for about ten years, got out a book. The

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book was made up very largely of articles which had appeared in this paper. The author's work was much esteemed by the editor of the paper, by the literary editor, and by the paper's columnist, all personal friends of his. The book was given out for review to a well known critic who had heretofore reviewed favorably this author's books. He took a dislike to this one, and wrote of it in rather a contemptuous manner. The review was promptly published. Once in a great while a literary editor questions the soundness of judgment expressed in a review, or suspects that its hostility toward the book may have been actuated by malice. He then holds it up for personal investigation, or perhaps "kills" it. Reviewers occasionally complain that the point has been left out of their review when it appears in print. And it is quite true that a reviewer's balanced judgment of a book sometimes is upset when his editor "cuts" the article to fit space. The personal equation, of course, enters into reviewing as into pretty much everything else; and a literary editor or a reviewer who is the friend of an author is likely to be, with no dishonesty of mind, friendly to his book. And sometimes, it may be discerned, a literary editor or a reviewer who has taken an aversion to an author is, with a little less honesty of mind, impelled to a scornful treatment of his book.

It is frequently said in a waggish way that reviewers never read the books they review. Well, a man long familiar with horses does not have to spend a day with a horse to note its points. In the case of many books the experienced reviewer would not in all probability write a better review if he read the book twice through than the one he writes after a skilful reading around in it. Still, it is highly advisable for the inexpert reviewer to acquaint himself pretty well with the book before him. Some very ludicrous blunders have resulted, even with experienced reviewers, from too much reliance upon intuition as to what the book is about. Sometime ago a hurried reviewer of a novel by a well known woman literary editor married (in his review) a fourteen year old child in the story to her grandfather. He (this reviewer) did not live happily immediately afterward.

Reviewing in general is perhaps the poorest paid work in the world. Certainly it would seem to be when you consider the effort and required equipment involved. The reviewer whose name is not sought by literary editors must trot around town on his quest for books. Weeks or months after he has called upon an editor he receives a book or two from him — perhaps. He devotes more or less time to reading the book. Perhaps he feels it advisable to refresh his memory of other books by this author. Maybe a number of matters seem to require looking up and verifying. Then there is the work of writing his article. It is necessary for him to bother with taking it, or sending it, to his editor.

Payment for book reviews, to the outside reviewer, is practically always on publication. An editor may urge a reviewer to much haste and then find himself, for one reason or another, unable to fit in the review for some time. Checks arrive usually about a week after the reviews appear. The rate of payment by newspapers ranges from about six dollars to eight or twelve dollars a column, approximately a thousand words to a column. Some newspapers deduct space allotted to "heads" and quotations from the book. Literary magazines do pretty well

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when paying a cent and a half a word.

Signed reviews, of course, bring an indirect reward in making their author better known. Persons of illustrious name sometimes are paid considerable sums for reviews. The highest paid book reviewer on record was ex-President Roosevelt. He asked nothing. But on one occasion, at least, in payment for one review he was sent a check by a New York newspaper for an amount greater than many a good author receives as the entire profit from a book. Well known writers not infrequently are paid decidedly in excess of space rates for book reviews. And, on the other hand, every once in awhile, such writers as Rupert Hughes and Irvin Cobb, or such personages as David Jayne Hill, amiably accept a check for something like fourteen dollars and forty-nine cents for a carefully written book review. A reviewer having a "desk job" — and that would likely be a literary editor or assistant literary editor — has a fair salary, as things go in the literary world.

The magazine sections of city newspapers and the illustrated weekly magazines of national circulation furnish a field for a form of journalism known as the "feature story". In the article of this series on "Approaching the Modern Editor" much that was said would apply to the subject of marketing such articles. In many cases the magazine sections of newspapers in the smaller cities are made up largely of syndicated matter which has been placed in New York, is subscribed for by papers in a number of cities, and published by them simultaneously. And so these papers buy a very limited amount of feature material of their own. The type of thing which is most likely to appeal to them from the writer near at hand is something which they cannot get from the distant syndicates: that is, articles of local color. A writer who can discover or assemble interesting and little known historical data concerning, say, the site of a prominent building in course of construction, very probably has an acceptable story. His material, by the way, may come out of the past, but it is news to the community.

A prime point always to be borne in mind by one who proposes to write feature articles is that he is expected to deal with *news*. Many people seeking this form of work, like many trying to get books to review, simply go in and tell an editor that they would like to write "something" for him. That very, very seldom gets one anywhere. What the editor wants to hear is exactly the points of the article that you have in mind to write. It is a usual thing for an experienced feature writer to sell his article before it is written, to obtain a definite order for it. A writer whose qualities and abilities are unknown to the editor doubtless can obtain no more than a tentative agreement. That, however, is (so to say) getting one's head inside the tent.

How does the productive writer of feature articles manage to keep himself continually supplied with timely subjects? Well, for one thing, he is likely to keep a searching eye on the daily papers. Many little news items contain excellent hints for elaborated articles. Not long ago there was a bit of discussion in the New York papers as to whether or not "block parties" were immoral. A good many people, doubtless, had never seen a block party. A very entertaining article, indeed, could have been written picturing the scene at several of them. An excellent story was printed in the magazine section of a New York paper last spring describing the summer

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time lure of several restaurants just off Longacre Square, as strikingly changed from their winter time appeal. And there are seasonable subjects for feature articles which continue to be good year after year. For instance, no wideawake newspaper would fail to hail again with another story the coming to town of the circus.

The feature writer must work quickly. His job is not to polish, but to get it done, and get it in. Dispatch must be his watchword. An increasing number of women are successfully engaged in the work. With energy, intelligence, courage, and industry a comfortable, modest living may be made in this field. Perhaps to the qualities mentioned should be added salesmanship — the ability to talk convincingly to an editor about the articles one wants to do.

The author of several popular books, who formerly edited with very fair success a widely known magazine of literary tendency, found himself not long ago without remunerative employment. H. L. Mencken asked him why he did not look into advertising. Julian Street, a number of years ago, before he was at all known as a magazine writer and an author of books, was an advertising man; in fact, was a partner in founding the prominent firm of Street and Finney and himself wrote a quantity of very clever advertising copy. His copy was perhaps in advance of the advertising ideas in general of that day. Lately advertising copy has very widely taken on a decidedly "literary" flavor; so much so, indeed, as sometimes to be rather funny.

At any rate, advertising has come to engage much more than formerly real artistic talent. Charles Hanson Towne recently dipped into advertising for a bit. Gerald Stanley Lee has executed a number of advertising commissions. A light essayist probably known to the readers of these pages recently wrote a booklet for a firm of funeral directors. And so on. Also, illustrations used in advertisements now not infrequently are admirable art, and the work of highly distinguished men. To mention just one instance, the drawings of Wallace Morgan (who is something close to a great artist) for a clothing establishment have stimulated a host of other advertisers to the ambition of obtaining something like them.

Among advertising copy writers, specialists famous in their field make handsome incomes. One of the best known and highest paid of these men remarked the other day that he counted it a mission of his to impress upon business men "the money value of the written word". Which implies that the fees asked for his services are calculated to command respect among men who are in the habit of measuring the worth of all things in terms of money. The foregoing statements are by no means intended to suggest that it is easy for anyone to get rich quickly by writing advertising copy. Until one has become a recognized leader in the field advertising commissions are very difficult to obtain on one's own. Nearly all advertising is arranged for by the advertisers through agencies. And the only course usually open for the beginner is to gain a small position as copy writer with an advertising agency.

Almost everything now has a publicity man. Some are highly paid. The least remunerative publicity work probably is that done for publishing houses, though to some temperaments doubtless it is the most interesting. A large amount of publicity work that

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is done, and paid for, is worthless; it does not get across; editors throw it away instead of using it. And the reason is that the writer misconceives the nature of successful publicity. Simply to eulogize a thing does not make publicity for it. The skilful publicity story is a story of human interest which does not conspicuously contain any element of advertising, but which has somewhere woven into it (so that it would be difficult to eliminate it) some reference to the subject which the writer wants to call attention to. A model publicity story was an article which the press agent of an actress wrote for a woman's magazine. He discussed a novel way of caring for the hair and mentioned (well in the body of the story) that this was the method which kept so beautiful the hair of this actress.

The enormous number of trade journals and house organs in the United States present a field, largely overlooked, for making a living at writing and editing. Sometimes positions on these publications require technical knowledge; oftentimes they do not. A young man one time applied for a job as reporter for a musical journal. He told the man who received him that he was industrious, sober, honest, and conscientious in his work. The man in charge did not seem to pay much attention to any of this. At length the young man diffidently confessed that the trouble was, he didn't know anything about music. "Good!" exclaimed the boss. "That's what we want, a reporter; not someone who's going to turn in an æsthetic of music." Trade journals with positions open frequently advertise in the want columns of the newspapers.

Writing the "autobiography" of a personage celebrated in a field other than literature, is a literary chore which now and then turns up for some writer of businesslike conscience but rather down on his luck. Translating for publishing houses, reading manuscript for them, and editing with more or less rewriting slovenly written volumes that have been accepted, are little things that help along when one needs them.

The idea of obtaining a position in a publishing house is strong in the minds of many who aspire to write. There are various ways of looking at that. Persons certainly have gone from publishing houses to success in creative literature. On the other hand, there are several men in good positions in publishing houses in New York who declare that the atmosphere of their business dulls the whole thing for the spirit with a passion for writing, and who advise all persons who want to write book jacket and catalogue copy as a step toward becoming authors, to seek a livelihood anywhere but in a publisher's office. Similarly, a daily newspaper grind wears down some and happily brings out others.

"Art", declared Whistler, "happens — no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy, and coarse farce."

MURRAY HILL

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CONTEMPORARY ALFREDS

By Donald Ogden Stewart

III: ALFRED CASANOVA

With a Sketch by Herb Roth

HEN "Jurgen" was published in the fall of 1919, I sent a copy to Alfred Casanova. I was not at all sure that he would enjoy it. I rather hoped he wouldn't. There was a slight touch of malicious mischief about my gift. I liked Casanova — but I didn't like his stories. I hoped that he might be constructively irritated by this older author's sardonic treatment of the theme of love. Love was not, to my mind, one of Casanova's literary strong points. In the two novels which had been published under his name, Cupid had played a prominent part. But Casanova's Cupids were curious creatures. They seemed somehow to have sprung fully clothed from the head of Queen Victoria — or, perhaps, Andrew Lang. Nothing in my own personal experiences in the realms of Eros had led me to believe that life was imitative of the art of the Red, Green, Blue, and Yellow fairy books. I could not understand why the novels of Alfred Casanova should derive their amatory information from that particular source. So I sent the young man a slightly different fairy tale — the fairy tale of one whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was twisted. The ironic tale of him who long and long ago, clad in the armor of his hurt, went delicately down pleasant ways bearing the sword of Caliburn and the name of Jurgen.

Casanova's acknowledgment of my gift came two weeks later in the form of a note. He had been ill — influenza. Would I mind coming to see him some evening, when we "might discuss the curious philosophy of the interesting book I had been so kind as to send him? Parts of it were undoubtedly beautifully written, but was there not about it a certain — " etc., etc. "That episode with Guinevere, for example — "

Alfred Casanova lived alone. Although I had known him fairly intimately for two or three years I had never visited his rooms. On the evening following the receipt of his note I took a taxicab to his address. It was quite dark by the time I arrived in Greenwich Village at an old four story "Age of Innocence" residence made over into apartments. I could distinguish none of the names opposite the push buttons. I had no matches. I shut my eyes and pressed. The latch clicked. I went in. In the rooms above someone was playing Beethoven on the piano. I did not know that it was Casanova, but I imagined, somewhat sardonically, that if he did play the piano he would probably interpret the "Moonlight Sonata" that way. I started up the carpeted stairs. Before I reached the

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first floor the "Moonlight" had softly dropped into the Liszt "Liebestraum". Then the music suddenly stopped and I was aware that it was not Casanova. A child's voice cried, "I'll go." Another girl shrilled, "No, me." Casanova would never have allowed children — especially girls — in his room. I do not think he actually disliked them, but he always said that they made him uncomfortable. I share his feeling. I started hastily past the door when it burst open. Three little red headed children were staring at me and behind them was a tall henna haired woman in a green evening dress.

"Yes?" she said. Her tone was not hostile. It might almost have been called "inviting". She smiled.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I am looking for Mr. Alfred Casanova."

"You rang our bell," she explained, almost apologetically. "I think Mr. Casanova lives on the top floor. We have only just taken these apartments — the girls and I. We don't know anyone yet."

Again that smile. I began to feel vaguely uncomfortable. Perhaps it was the merciless stare of those three little girls. Yet there was something disturbing, too, in the way in which the mother had put a plaintive touch to that last sentence. I was seized with a desire to get away. I had the curious feeling that she was going to ask me to come in.

"The top floor?" I said. "Thank you so much. Sorry to have bothered you."

"Oh you haven't bothered me at all," she went on. Then she added, "I think you'll find Mr. Casanova home. He spends a great deal of time in his room."

"He has been ill", I said, "with influenza."

"Oh I'm so sorry," she said. "My first husband died of the 'flu'. It's a terrible thing."

"You said it was the top floor?" I interrupted. "Thank you so much." I bowed and made my way somewhat awkwardly past the door. By the time I reached the top floor the "Liebestraum" had recommenced.

Casanova's cheerful "Come in!" answered my knock and I pushed open the door. He was lounging in an arm chair, dressed in a green Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. It was the first time I had ever seen him in knickers and for a moment I thought I had terribly underestimated the seriousness of his illness. Those legs! They suggested nothing so much as starving Armenia or the hookwormed south. I hastily glanced at Casanova's face for reassurance. I was reassured. He had lost none of the classic roundness of features which made him, in spite of a drooping mustache, rather resemble a Greek god. The legs must have been inherited, not acquired.

"Well", I said, shaking his hand and keeping my eyes with difficulty off those legs, "it's good to find you out of bed."

"It's terribly nice of you", he replied, "to come and see me. And, my dear fellow, you must excuse the simply unpardonable appearance of these rooms."

Casanova's apartment was small and simply furnished. On his income (inherited, not literary) it would undoubtedly have been possible for him to live much more elaborately. But he had here all that a bachelor could desire. It was his own affair after all that he chose to spend most of his money on his hobbies rather than on luxuriously furnished quarters. Tall, well filled book shelves covered two opposite walls of the

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room. Glass cabinets, filled with stuffed birds, mammals and reptiles, occupied the spaces on either side of the coal grate fireplace. Casanova was a book lover and an amateur naturalist.

On one wall hung an oval mirror and a framed photograph. The mirror was explainable. It was old and beautiful — probably an heirloom. There were two other mirrors of different periods hanging on the other walls. They did not look particularly out of place in a man's room.

The photograph was one of those experiments by which professional photographers attempt to conceal the limitations of their art. The man who posed for the picture had assumed a dramatic attitude. Chin in hand, he was gazing reflectively out of a window. The features — and the background — had been blurred into a hazy mistiness. The whole effect was not bad. The man somewhat resembled a Greek god. I looked closer. It was Casanova.

I was conscious, suddenly, that he was watching me. And yet, when I turned around, he was fumbling through the pages of a dark brown book. His face was a deep crimson.

"Hello!" I said, "you've got 'Jurgen'. Haven't you been able to wade through it?"

"I'm just finishing it", he said, "the second time."

"With what result?" I queried, sinking into a comfortable chair and lighting a cigar.

"Would you like something to drink?" said my host. "I have some Scotch — or maybe you would prefer — "

"Scotch!" I said, "by all means. And plain water. Here — you sit still. You're an invalid. Tell me where to get it."

The Scotch was kept in the next room — the bedroom. In reaching along the wall to find the push button, my hand almost knocked a picture from the wall. When I had managed to find the light, I turned back to straighten the picture. It was another "art study" of Casanova.

"It's in the cabinet at the foot of the bed," called he. "There's plenty of ice water out here."

The Scotch was excellent. I complimented Casanova and repeated my suggestion that he let me pour out a drink for him.

"Well — just a little one," he said. "You know I can't stand very much."

We gradually drifted into our customary discussion of modern literature.

"My dear man", said he, gazing pensively at the pale yellow liquid remaining in his glass, "I grant you that these young people can write. But what of it? The people they write about simply don't exist. The girls especially. Girls are not like that. You know it. I know it."

"How do you know it?" I demanded. I thought I saw an opportunity to suggest to Casanova that possibly the "Fitzgerald girl" might be at least as near the "true woman" as the lily white creatures who floated so sweetly through the pages of his own books.

"Frankly", I continued, "what do you or I know about women? What experience have we had? Have you ever really been in love?"

I regretted the question instantly. It gave Casanova the chance to tell me about his "girl". I always feel uncomfortable when men become confidential about past loves — especially if they have been drinking. Casanova had been drinking. I made haste to change the subject.

"Don't you think, for instance", I said, "that Cabell's treatment of

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Alfred Casanova

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women is after all rather delicious?"

"Have I ever really been in love?" said Casanova — he was gazing at me with a curious smile — almost a bitter smile — on his lips. "Have I ever really been in love?"

"Didn't you find", I went on, desperately, "that 'Jurgen' improves on second reading?"

Casanova was silent.

"Yes", he finally said, " 'Jurgen' improves on second reading."

I sighed with relief; the crisis was apparently past. But I had reckoned without my host.

"You know", he went on, "the reason it interests me so is that I — or rather, a fellow I know — had just the sort of an experience with a girl that Jurgen seems to have had — "

"Indeed?" I said. "As I remember the book, he seemed to have had several."

"Oh", said Casanova, "I don't mean those — those amours of Jurgen's, after he had become disillusioned about women. I mean the affair that — that sort of did the disillusioning — that first love of his — Dorothy la Désirée. This girl's name was Dorothy, too."

"What girl?" I asked stupidly.

"Why, the girl that I — that my friend fell in love with," he replied. "She was lovely — wonderful — and he loved her very much. They were sort of thrown together a lot — she was interested in the same things that interested him — books, you know, and — and — "

"Natural history?" I suggested.

Casanova glanced suspiciously at me for an instant.

"Why yes," he replied. "They used to go for long tramps in the woods together. And then one day — " He stopped. "Well, anyway", he said after a pause, "what's the use of going into all that? She — she broke the engagement and married another man — it's been over a year now. And yet for a long time he sort of cherished her memory because — because women were sort of an ideal with him. But maybe Jurgen is right — maybe women are all faithless — I don't know. That's what I sort of wanted to ask you about — or, rather, talk to you about. Jurgen's heart was broken, by a young 'jill flirt' — and 'in the armor of his hurt' he went 'delicately down pleasant ways', as Cabell puts it. Well now, maybe — " He paused.

"Yes?" I said.

"You see", he went on, "Jurgen seems to suggest that once a man's heart has been broken it gives him a sort of armor which enables him to — to play with women — it's a sort of revenge on the sex for the wrong one of them has done you, isn't it? Well now, you see, I'd always sort of thought that women respected a man who acted like a — a gentleman — but it sort of seems that maybe what they really like is — well now perhaps they're just laughing at the man who treats them chivalrously — maybe if I — or my friend, rather — had known that before — you see, that may have been just what this girl wanted — women are awfully funny, aren't they?"

"Yes", I replied, "they certainly are."

"I suppose", said Casanova, "that if a young man — a good looking young man — decided to go 'delicately down pleasant ways', he might have some interesting experiences."

"It might be pretty dangerous," I suggested.

"Ah," said Casanova. "He would be protected by his broken heart."

"Well, how about the poor girl?" I argued. "What's to protect her?

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Suppose she falls in love with this — this Jurgen?"

"That", replied Casanova, with a curious smile, "would be her own lookout wouldn't it? It would certainly do her no harm to have her heart broken. She could get over it. In fact", and with that he began to twist the end of his mustache, "it might be doing her a great favor."

We sat for some time in silence. I finally remarked that it was getting late. Casanova laughed and raised his glass. "To the ladies," he said. "To the ladies," I replied. We finished our drinks, and I put on my overcoat.

"Awfully good of you to come," said Casanova. "You've helped me a lot — sort of cleared up my mind."

As I closed the door behind me I took one more look at my host. He was standing in front of a mirror, twirling his mustache — and on his face was a strangely cynical smile. It might almost have been called a leer.

On my way downstairs, I tiptoed quickly past the door of the widow with the three little girls.

II

With that evening Alfred Casanova and "Jurgen" passed completely out of my mind. And then one day when Mary Stevenson asked me to suggest the names of four or five young writers whom she might invite to one of her "Tuesday teas", I mentioned Casanova. I did not think he would accept. He had always seemed to avoid the company of women. And so I was not surprised to discover, when I entered Mary's drawing room the following Tuesday, that Casanova was not there. But I was surprised to see, coming toward me from across the room, the large woman with the henna hair whom I had met that night at Casanova's apartment. I turned to flee; too late — the doorway was blocked.

She held out her hand.

"Ah", said Mary Stevenson behind me — there seemed to be just a trace of ironic surprise in that "ah" — "so you already know Mrs. Smith-Wilkins. How nice."

"Yes", cooed Mrs. Smith-Wilkins, "how nice. Won't you come over in this corner and sit with me? You know, I really don't know a soul here — it's so good to see you again."

Mary had disappeared. The next minute I found myself seated with this woman on an uncomfortable settee.

"You know", she was saying — and she leaned forward until her eyes were within a foot of mine — "I have often thought about our meeting that night."

"Yes," I replied, drawing away. "Can't I get you some salad?" I hate women who drench themselves with perfumery.

"No thank you," she said — her restraining hand rested for just the fraction of a second on mine. "Please don't go."

At that minute the door behind us opened and Amy Craddock strode in from the next room. Her cheeks were crimson. She swept by without speaking to anyone. She looked, curiously enough, as though someone had just insulted her.

"You're sure you wouldn't care for some tea?" I asked Mrs. Smith-Wilkins.

"You're awfully anxious to get away," she replied, with a smile. I blushed.

"Not at all," I said.

That door opened again. Another outraged virgin, with quivering nostrils and head held high, followed Amy Craddock across the room.

"Good heavens", I said, "what do you suppose is going on in there?"

The answer did not seem to come

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just then, for out stepped a young man twirling a finely waxed mustache. Where had I seen it?

"Casanova!" I cried.

"Hello!" said he.

"This is Mrs. Smith-Wilkins," I said. "She's read your books and has wanted to meet you. She's a neighbor of yours."

"We must certainly get to know one another," said Casanova bowing.

"Won't you sit down?" said Mrs. Smith-Wilkins, extending her hand.

I left them together — very close together.

On my way out I sought Mary Stevenson.

"Who is she?" I whispered loudly — eager, for some reason, to disclaim publicly any connection with the strange woman.

"Why I thought you and she were old friends," said Mary — with a malicious smile. "I'm sure I don't know her — she came with Madge France, but Madge doesn't seem to know much more than that she is a widow with three children."

"Well, Madge ought not to have brought her, then," I said, opening the outside door.

"You're a great one to talk like that," said Mary. "I don't suppose you know that Amy Craddock and Ethel Fiske have both just left this house in a white heat because they were absolutely unbelievably insulted by that friend of yours — that Casanova person."

"Why", I gasped, "what did he say?"

"I can't tell you," she replied. "You might ask him yourself. He certainly seems to be trying desperately hard to live up to his name."

III

That was all I could get out of Mary. Amy refused to discuss the subject. Twice in the next month I called on Casanova but he was out. On a third afternoon visit to his apartments I decided to wait in his rooms until he returned. I was not particularly indignant at the man. My interest was scientific. I was curious. But after two hours I decided to abandon the chase. Besides, it was dinner time. I left a note and departed. On my way downstairs the door of the Mrs. Smith-Wilkins apartment opened and out stepped Casanova.

He seemed embarrassed for a minute. We grinned at each other.

"My dear fellow", he finally said, "come right upstairs."

"I can't," I said. "I — I have a dinner engagement."

"Then I'll see you to the door," he replied, evidently with relief. I too had regained some of my composure by the time we reached the apartment entrance. So I remarked, as we were shaking hands, "By the way, what on earth did you say to one or two of those ladies that afternoon of the Stevenson tea?"

"Why?" replied Casanova. "Did they say anything about it?"

"Why yes", I said, "they didn't seem awfully pleased."

"My dear fellow", was his answer, "that shows how little you really know about women. They were probably tremendously complimented. Besides — "

"Yes?" I said. "Here's my cab."

"Besides", he continued, "a man who plays any game makes one or two mistakes for every time he wins, doesn't he?"

"Wins?" I queried. Casanova smiled — leered.

"Good night," he said. "See you tomorrow."

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IV

I didn't see Casanova "tomorrow". I didn't see him for several weeks. And then quite by accident I ran into him in the lobby of the Ashford Hotel. He seemed somewhat worried; I thought he looked badly, and told him so.

"Oh I'm all right", he said nervously, "and by the way, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well you see", he went on, "it's sort of — well, if you happen to meet Mrs. Smith-Wilkins here — you remember her — a sort of large woman?"

"With three children," I replied.

Casanova glanced quickly at me. I was lighting a cigar.

"Yes", he said slowly, "with three children. Now, you see — I told her I would meet her here and I'm not going to — that is, I'm simply not going to be able to. And if you see her, would you mind sort of not mentioning that you've met me? Would you mind?"

"Not at all," I replied.

"Thanks awfully," said Casanova, turning to go.

"Alfred!" called a voice — the voice of Mrs. Smith-Wilkins, "here I am."

I began to edge away; she had not seen me.

"Oh yes," said Casanova. "Hello."

"I came a little early — because I didn't want you to wait, dear. We have seats for the Hippodrome. I think we had better hurry."

I watched them as they walked out of the hotel entrance. Her arm was thrust through his. He did not look back.

V

A few days later, in browsing around my favorite down town book store, I happened to discover that they had for sale a second hand first edition of "Jurgen". The price, thanks to the activities of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, had been raised to thirty-five dollars. I paid it, gladly. On the fly leaf of this particular copy was written a date — the date of the month in which "Jurgen" was published. Under the date was inscribed the following:

DEAR CASANOVA — I think you will get some valuable ideas from this.

The signature — and the handwriting — were my own.

It ought to make a nice wedding present for Mrs. Smith-Wilkins Casanova.

GARDEN PIECE

By Donald Wright

GERANIUMS smolder in fragrant summer dusk;
Cool fingers of blue shadow point to giddy poplars
whispering the sun will leave them soon;
Singing wings intone a droning prelude.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

EUGENE FIELD'S BOOKSELLER

By Earl E. Fisk

WHEN I was fourteen years of age my mother gave me as a Christmas present a copy of Eugene Field's "Love Affairs of a Bibliomanic". I have read the book at least once a year ever since and there has been none other that I have cherished more. Upon my reading of the "Love Affairs" last year I was filled with the desire to make a pilgrimage. Accordingly I went to Chicago to visit the haunts of Eugene Field and perhaps to gossip with some of his old friends. The trip was a great success, and I made a discovery: I found the bookseller of whom Field speaks so fondly in his books and poems.

I first called upon Walter M. Hill, the rare book dealer. We had a long chat about Field and bookish Chicago of twenty-five years ago. Hill was a clerk at McClurg's at the time of the famous "Saints and Sinners Corner". But he said that he couldn't tell me near so much about those days as could some of Field's old friends who were still living in Chicago, so he arranged to have me meet them. He also offered to get "Trotty Field" (now Mrs. Will J. Engler) down for lunch, but this did not transpire. I did, however, talk with Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Friar Francis of "The Two Friars", Fred Skiff of the Field Museum, who had been a close friend of Field's since his Denver days, Slason Thompson, who had been on the "Daily News" staff with Field, and Bert Taylor, "B. L. T." of the Chicago "Tribune", upon whom fell the mantle of Eugene Field. Dr. Gunsaulus, Fred Skiff, and Bert Taylor all died within a month of each other shortly after this.

From Slason Thompson I learned a lot of incidents of Field's life not to be found in books. Mr. Thompson is not what we book lovers would call bookish, but he was a great personal friend of Field's and of his family. He wrote the only biography of Eugene Field. I had never been able to get a copy of this and he told me why it is so scarce. Mrs. Field objected to some of the passages and at her request the book was withdrawn and suppressed by the publishers. I was, however, fortunate enough to find a copy in splendid condition at a second hand bookshop before I left the city. It contains a detailed account of Field's life, many personal anecdotes, and most interesting of all, a great number of facsimiles of letters and manuscripts. The frontispiece of the second volume is a facsimile of the illuminated manuscript of "Little Boy Blue". Walter Hill told me of the sale of this manuscript at auction in New York. He bid over two thousand dollars for it but it was sold to John McCormack, the singer, for $2,450.

It was Fanny Butcher (the clever girl who does the Tabloid Book Review for the Chicago "Tribune") who put me on the trail of Eugene Field's bookseller. When I told her of my pilgrimage and my interest in Field material she said, "The very man for you is Frank M. Morris, who lives right here in Chicago and has some book rooms up in the Marshall Field

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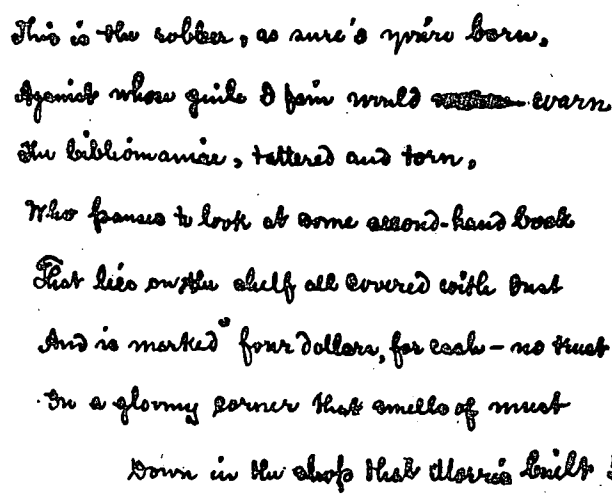
Annex building. He was Eugene Field's favorite bookseller. Field went to his bookshop in the old days every afternoon at four o'clock. It was the hangout of the bookish crowd in those days and the 'Saints and Sinners' was breezy, boyish way on books and collectors. The fame of the place grew and it became the meeting ground of all the congenial crowd that centred about Field. This was the bookshop of Frank M. Morris, at that time lo-



Facsimile of verse written by Eugene Field under the picture of Frank M. Morris

started there. By all means look him up." Full of her enthusiasm, I phoned and made an appointment with Mr. Morris.

Francis Wilson, the actor, was a great friend of Field's. He says that Field was very fond of the proprietor of a certain underground bookshop in Chicago, and that the feeling was cordially reciprocated. Field would go down to this place of an evening and when the doors were closed the proprietor and he would repair to the back of the shop. Then Field would put his feet upon the table and sing old songs and tell stories at the top of his tremendous voice. He said of his bookseller friend, with genial satire, that he had in him "the making of a delightfully unscrupulous and successful robber". It was in this shop that Field gave impromptu talks in his

cated on Madison Street, and known by Field and his coterie as "Frank's Place".

Throughout Field's poems and prose on bibliomania there is frequent mention of his bookseller. In Chapter IX of "Love Affairs of a Bibliomanic" he says:

> My own observation and experience have taught me that as a class booksellers are exceptionally intelligent, ranking with printers in respect to the variety and extent of their learning. By the very nature of their occupation booksellers are broad-minded; their association with every class of humanity and their constant companionship with books give them a liberality that enables them to view with singular clearness and dispassionateness every phase of life and every dispensation of Providence. They are not always practical, for development of the spiritual and intellectual natures of man does not at the same time promote dexterity in the use of the baser organs of the body; I have known philosophers who could not harness a horse or even shoo chickens.

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In the chapter on "The Delights of Fender-Fishing" he tells of a fishing trip he took with his bookseller up in the Wisconsin woods:

> My bookseller is a famous fisherman, as, indeed, booksellers generally are, since the methods employed by fishermen to deceive and to catch their finny prey are very similar to those employed by booksellers to attract and entrap buyers.

Later he describes his bookseller:

> To return now to the matter of booksellers, I would fain impress you with the excellences of the craft, for I know their virtues. My association with them has covered so long a period and has been so intimate that even in a vast multitude of people I have no difficulty in determining who are the booksellers and who are not. For, having to do with books, these men in due time come to resemble their wares not only in appearance but also in conversation. My bookseller has dwelt so long in his corner with folios and quartos and other antique tomes that he talks in black-letter and has the modest engaging look of an old stout binding, and to the delectation of discriminating olfactories he exhaleth an odor of mildew and tobacco commingled, which is more grateful to the true bibliophile than all the perfumes of Araby.
>
> I have studied the craft so diligently that by merely clapping my eyes upon a bookseller I can tell you with certainty what manner of books he sells; but you must know that the ideal bookseller has no fads, being equally proficient in and a lover of all spheres, departments, branches, and lines of his art. He is, moreover, of a benignant nature, and he denies credit to none; yet, withal, he is so righteously discriminating that he lets the poor scholar have for a paltry sum that which the rich parvenu must pay dearly for. He is courteous and considerate where courtesy and consideration are most seemly.

From Eugene Field's descriptions and from Fanny Butcher's enthusiastic comments one would expect to find Frank Morris a slim, ascetic, bespectacled, mild eyed, benign old character who wanders around among musty books on dusty shelves. He should wear shiny, slimpsy clothes and his fingers should tremble as he reverently touches a cherished volume that one wishes to buy. But Frank Morris isn't a bit like that. He is a plump, distinguished looking old gentleman who if met on the street or in a club would easily be mistaken for a prominent college president or a well known business executive. He does, however, smoke long thin stogies constantly and his shop has that delicious odor of tobacco and old books commingled which Field loved so well. But he is far from being a stogy old recluse. He plays golf every Sunday morning in winter as well as summer and talks the golf jargon as well as Chick Evans or George Ade, both of whom are warm personal friends of his. Frank Morris knows and has known more literary celebrities than the editor of any literary magazine or newspaper book supplement. He has seen the passing procession and can relate intimate anecdotes from the days of Eugene Field and James Russell Lowell to those of Sherwood Anderson and John Drinkwater. His clothes are not shiny and slimpsy, but when I saw him he wore a smartly tailored and neatly pressed suit of grey tweed.

Morris is a Hoosier, as was his friend James Whitcomb Riley. He is a graduate of an Indiana college and a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. In 1887 he came to Chicago and started a bookshop, and he has run one ever since. His first shop was located on West Madison Street. It very shortly became popular with bookish Chicagoans. Wilbur D. Nesbit tells how one night in midwinter there was a fire on West Madison Street, and the next morning Morris's bookshop was neatly wrapped in congealed streams of water. Morris came down and looked things over and concluded that it would be really out of the question to stay in that building, as he did not like draughts, so he moved over on

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To Frank M. Morris:

Believe me, by all those endearing old charms
With which your granite chops is provided,
I shall honor the trade by whose help I have made
A collection of freaks that's derided;
And, if you believe me — why, then I'm to ask
That, this Fortune betimes readjust me
With dollars and dimes for my yarns and my rhymes,
You still shall continue to trust me.

Eugene Field.

October, 1889.

Facsimile of inscription in a presentation copy of "A Little Book of Western Verse"

Wabash Avenue. Frank landed on the wrong side, whereupon he came back on the right side, in a half-basement room on the Monroe corner just back of the Palmer House. His customers had no sooner become accustomed to this spot — "it truly was a restful place to drop in and steal reads" — than the march of improvement made a flank movement on that corner and the building was torn down. So he took his books and things and moved over to the Pullman Building on the corner of Adams Street and Michigan Avenue. This was in the same building that now houses the shop of Fanny Butcher : Books. Morris has not grown rich, but he has prospered and has now retired to several rooms on the thirteenth floor of the Marshall Field Annex building, where he is still selling books. These rooms have almost the same old bookshop atmosphere that the others had. Almost the same old books, although several of them have probably been sold. One may go in there after lunch, with half an hour to spare, and read as far as one can in any book from the shelves. If one hasn't time to finish it Frank will lend a book mark to put in the place, so that the reading may be continued on the morrow.

I spent most of one morning with him gossiping about the old days and friends. He told me of Field seated talking, joking, and reading aloud his poems to an eager crowd of listeners,

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of whom the most frequent were Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Dr. Frank Bristol, Dr. Woolsey Stryker, George W. Cable, Harry B. Smith, Francis Wilson, Opie Read, Eugene Banks, Joe Jefferson, Ben King, Ernest McGaffney, Irving Way, Frank Larned, and Peter Dunne. Some of the later well known habitants of the shop were George Ade, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Will Payne, Otis Skinner, Charles E. Russell, James Whitcomb Riley, Bert Leston Taylor, Wallace Rice, Emerson Hough, John T. McCutcheon, and Clare A. Briggs.

Frank Morris has many interesting association and presentation books, but the most interesting of all are those Eugene Field gave to him. These are not for sale, of course. On one occasion Field came into the shop during the absence of the proprietor and finding a print of him, wrote under the picture in his microscopic handwriting:

This is the robber as sure's you're born,
Against whose guile I fain would warn
The bibliomanic, tattered and torn,
Who pauses to look at some second-hand book
That lies on the shelf all covered with dust
And is marked "four dollars, for cash — no trust"
In a gloomy corner that smells of must
Down in the shop that Morris built!

EUGENE FIELD. 1888.

This he carefully laid away between the leaves of a book where it was discovered some days later.

In "A Little Book of Western Verse", belonging to "the robber", he wrote:

Believe me, by all those endearing old charms
With which your quaint shop is provided,
I shall honor the trade by whose help I have made
A collection of freaks that's derided;
And, if you *believe* me — why, then I've to ask
That, till Fortune betimes readjust me
With dollars and dimes for my yarns and my rhymes,
You still shall continue to *trust* me.

EUGENE FIELD.

October, 1889.

One day when Field was in the shop he discovered that Morris did not have a copy of Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors", which he said was a criminal offense upon the part of a bookseller. So on Christmas Eve, just before closing time, he came into the shop with three heavy volumes under his arm. In the front of the first volume is inscribed, "To my dear friend Frank M. Morris, with hope that he will continue to trust me and let my credit account grow fatter. Eugene Field, Christmas Eve, 1889." Morris told me that he never sent Field a bill for any book which he took from his shop after that.

Frank Morris is a Chicago institution, just as much as is the University of Chicago or the Art Institute. Tourists in the city usually go to see the packing houses, Michigan Boulevard, and the rest of the sights, but people of a bookish mind should not miss seeing Chicago's best loved bookseller.

CHANGING FASHIONS IN HEROINES

By Mary K. Ford

STUDIES in sociology are all very well, but it is to the pages of novels that we must turn to realize the changes that have taken place in manners and customs during the past century. Nothing is more significant than the alteration in the demeanor of the heroines of fiction during that time. The position of women was so inferior in former days, the restrictions imposed upon them so rigid, that little

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opportunity was afforded them for wit or spirit. Miss Austen was perhaps the first English novelist to depict a heroine with a mind of her own, and Elizabeth Bennet, beloved by all readers of "Pride and Prejudice", is as charming today as when she refused Mr. Darcy and gave him a piece of her mind at the same time. Miss Edgeworth's heroines, estimable as they are, entirely lack charm, and if we feel sympathy for Rosamond Percy it is owing largely to the shabby conduct of her mother in that matter of the purple jar. But Miss Edgeworth's books, most of them, were written with a purpose, a proceeding which generally results in the sacrifice of interest to principle.

Miss Yonge is a writer whose tales represent faithfully the upper middle class life of the day. Her earlier books show how highly she rated submission in her catalogue of female virtues. One young woman, caught in the streets of Paris during the uprising of 1848, behaves so well as to elicit a compliment from her companion on her presence of mind, to which she replies that in most cases a woman best shows that quality by not thinking for herself but doing as she is told. Amy Edmonstone, in "The Heir of Redclyffe", is a shining example of this docility. She engages herself to Guy Morville with her parents' approbation; casts him off, unquestioning, at their behest; renews her engagement when they permit it, and finally, after her husband's death, returns to her home to be managed and directed for the rest of her life. But even Miss Yonge could not remain untouched by the changes going on about her. Rachel Temple, "The Clever Woman of the Family", is honestly bent upon helping women not of her own class. Though she is taken in more than once, she is more admirable than her cousin Fanny, who spends her days upon a sofa, watched and cared for by those who admired the "womanly woman" of that day. Another of Miss Yonge's strong minded women has the temerity to suggest some relief measures in a public meeting called for that purpose, and though her suggestions are eminently useful, the consensus of genteel opinion is that some man should have brought them before the gathering.

The lady who, some forty-odd years ago, wrote under the name of Mrs. Alexander, endowed her heroines with some initiative while still keeping their femininity unscathed. They are generally girls who were obliged to earn their own living and though, largely speaking, the only occupations open to them were teaching and paid companionship, in "Her Dearest Foe" one of the most delightful of her heroines keeps a shop, a tremendous step for a woman to take in those days, even in fiction.

About this time Rhoda Broughton burst upon the scene with the sprightly heroine and worked an instant and abiding change in novel writing. Although some of her earlier books had tragic endings, there was much humor in them and her girls enjoyed a degree of liberty unheard of until then. They were generally motherless, living with an absent minded father who proved not the least restraint upon their actions; and thus, unchaperoned and unfettered by conventionality, they romped and sentimentalized through the pages of novels that were condemned as sensational, criticized for their obvious faults, and read and enjoyed everywhere. Miss Broughton introduced the use of the present tense in fiction, a feature which was successfully copied by the individual known

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as "the Duchess" who, however, did not extend her imitation to Miss Broughton's more solid qualities.

From that time the heroine of fiction has been emancipated. In Trollope's political novels the women of the upper class play the part that they do in real life, always under the direction of men. It was left to Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" to deviate from the beaten path by showing sympathy for a poacher in her excursions into local politics. Women doctors, gardeners, typists, and the humbler wage earners have all figured in recent novels as well as the suffragette, though the female M. P. is yet to be heard from.

A later development of the heroine is a most unpleasant one, and is to be found in perfection in Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress". It is the story of unlicensed love, of a yielding to the call of passion, nay, the utterance thereof, by a young woman, daughter of a clergyman and presumably brought up in the restraints of her religion and her class, neither of which has any effect upon her conduct when the man she loves is ordered to the front. No principle, no self control belongs to either of them; yet Mr. Galsworthy sees nothing, apparently, to condemn in their conduct. It is hard to imagine female emancipation going much further, and Noel's is not a character to commend it to us.

The most recent of female types is something of an anticlimax. From the intrepid young woman who, if she be married, declines to bear children, and if she be not, proclaims aloud her God given right to have them, it is a distinct comedown to Miss Lulu Bett and Carol Kennicott. The former, the Cinderella type, is not new, and her appearance in modern fiction is due more to the present taste for the dull and sordid than to any appreciation of the picturesque possibilities of such a character. But for Carol Kennicott, with her blind groping after beauty, her superficial culture, and her lack of any guiding principle, what shall be said? She inspires a certain degree of pity and sympathy. Gopher Prairie is surely a forlorn place in which to live and, to a thoroughly self centred character like Carol's, a hopeless one. So the author has evidently found it, for the end of the book leaves his heroine just where she started. Neither years nor experience have done anything for her and she stands as a type of extreme individualism and a warning against its result. No development of character, no growth is possible to the soul that considers only itself. With all her absurd limitations the early Victorian woman was a more sterling character than Carol.

ON NOT INTERVIEWING WALTER DE LA MARE

By Virginia Rice

A REPORTER should never expect to "interview" Walter de la Mare. To plan a formal half hour with the author of "Peacock Pie" and "The Listener" for the purpose of recording his opinions is as discourteous as vaulting over an English hedge to steal a glance at a sequestered English garden. But perhaps the reporter has a few hours to spare. Then, she will accept the poet's invitation for tea and be fortunate enough to stroll under the pink ramblers in his garden at Annerley and watch the antics of the tame little "Tom Tit" that perches in the cocoanut tree every day at tea time.

A half hour elapses and Mr. de la

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Mare is smiling to himself. He knows that another reporter has fallen into his trap and forgotten to interview him! Conversation turns from flowers and birds to people — finally to women.

"Have they intuition?"

Mr. de la Mare challenged the time honored axiom, and looked questioningly at Forrest Reid, Eleanor Farjeon, and the reporter.

"Anyway, I sincerely hope so," he sighed. "One must leave the poor things something! Yet, strangely enough, there *are* women who actually take offense at the mere mention of their superior intuitive powers. They are in revolt against tradition and consequently prefer logic to divination."

"The sort of women who conscientiously object to inspiring a poem," somebody presumed.

"Unless", another guest suggested, "the poet happens to be an up to date realist — the sort of modern who rhapsodizes about a miner's black eyed daughter in unrhymed cockney."

Mr. de la Mare saw no earthly reason why a poet should not write about a miner's daughter, or any other subject under the sun, provided his poem proved to be dignified and a work of art.

"However", he confessed, "I think that it is most difficult to attain dignity of expression when the vehicle used is the debasement of a language."

There was opposition. Finally one man refused altogether to confide the miner's unsophisticated daughter to the unfamiliar medium of pure English. Without cockney she would cease to exist, he felt sure; and imagination, when it threatened realism, he always found decidedly objectionable.

Mr. de la Mare smiled whimsically. "Isn't it ridiculous", he asked us, "that so many people consider an imaginative piece of poetry in conflict with realism? They want a poem to reproduce actuality, and if they stopped to think they would realize that a poem is a transfiguration of an emotion. It cannot reproduce actuality, because it is itself necessarily suffused with something in the poet's mind. After all, the only justification for a poem is that the particular emotion which inspired it could not be otherwise expressed. There are no subjects especially intended for either poetry or prose; the vehicle for the expression of an idea depends entirely on the person himself."

One guest supposed that granting this definition of poetry, no realistic poem existed, in the full sense of the word.

Mr. de la Mare was silent for a moment, and then he stated his own gospel with a gentle decisiveness.

"It seems to me", he admitted, "that our one hope is to get away from realism, in the accepted sense. What we are accustomed to call realism is, actually, no more than a kind of scientific reporting or photography. Surely, a photograph is not art; and is it more realistic than the picture that interprets its subject? To me, of course, it is utter nonsense to assume that an imaginative piece of poetry is lacking in reality. An imaginative experience is not only as real but far realer than an unimaginative one. Who, after all, was the real Fanny Brawne — the girl Keats called a minx, or the girl he adored three weeks later? Was Juliet any the less convincing because Shakespeare made her say things that no woman ever says in conversation? When is a character in fiction real?"

"When it is true to life." The answer came in an emphatic chorus.

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Mr. de la Mare reflected that the majority of authors are independent and prefer creating their own characters to adopting them from real life.

The reporter blinked and fumbled for her fountain pen.

"How about 'Memoirs of a Midget'? Are all the characters in that book purely imaginative, Mr. de la Mare?"

"They are," Mr. de la Mare assured her. "All but one person, and I copied him from a man I *saw* in a railway train, but found no opportunity to speak to."

It was six o'clock. Several guests put down their tea cups and said goodby.

"Have you been to Salisbury?" Mr. de la Mare inquired artlessly. "It's a quaint old town."

But even the mesmerism of a charming English garden party cannot last forever. To his alarm, Mr. de la Mare noticed the ammunition of an interview — a notebook and a pen.

"Yes, it is quaint", the reporter agreed hastily, "but Mr. de la Mare, whom do you consider the great contemporary English poets?"

"The great English poets?"

"The ones who will survive, I mean."

Mr. de la Mare protested.

"How", he asked, "can I prophesy the permanency of any poetry? Much poetry is interesting because, in some way, it reflects a tendency of the age. Who can judge which ideas are merely ephemeral and pertain to this generation alone, or which are universal and will last forever? And the rhythm and cadences in poetry: they are more important than the ideas, but they too are closely related to the century."

Every one of the guests had gone, and even the reporter began to wonder about buses, trams, and trains. Mr. de la Mare stole a glance at his opponent. The notebook and pen were pathetically absent — and yet, did he actually *see* an expression of relief, or was it his own imagination at work?

"Won't you stay for supper?" Mr. de la Mare suggested gently.

"Yes, do," his family chimed in.

"You can catch a tram to Crystal Palace later on." A tall, slim son spoke up.

"Come on, sign in our guest book," urged the youngest daughter.

And the reporter signed and stayed.

THE SPRUCE TREE AND THE NOVELIST

By William M. Clemens

THE man behind the records asserts that there were 8,500 books published in the United States in 1921. One thousand of these books were novels and one thousand novelists, more or less, sent forth their romance and their chatter of love and daisies and moonlight and starry heavens and other things, like a cloud of winged insects upon our defenseless heads. Very well! There is another side to the picture. Paper makes novels readable and salable. Spruce trees make paper. One spruce tree makes half a cord of wood, and a half cord of wood makes five hundred pounds of paper. A novel weighs a pound. One spruce tree makes five hundred books. Nine leading novels during 1921 sold in the aggregate 1,000,000 copies, and it required 2,000 spruce trees to make them. The other 991 novels of 1921 had an average sale of 1,000 copies each, or 991,000 copies. Say another 2,000 spruce trees. In other words 4,000 spruce trees were carried off by the storm of fiction sweeping over the country from Kennebunkport to Santa Barbara.

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"The Man of the Forest" felled 550 spruce trees in a single year. "The Portygee" swept away 750. "The River's End" destroyed a forest of 600. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" cut 650 of the spruces, and "The Top of the World" took his little ax and 600 trees went a-toppling. But looking still further backward we find "Eben Holden" chopping down 1,000 spruce trees, and "Richard Carvel" ruthlessly denuding our forests of as many more.

Our historical novelist is the acknowledged enemy to the science of forestry. He is making a barren waste of our beautiful woodlands. He is a harvester of stubble and brush and scrub land. His appetite for the spruce trees remains unsatisfied. And his method — the way he does it — 'tis simple — simplicity itself. He takes his pen in hand. He writes:

"Gadzooks!"

A spruce tree falls.

"Their swords clashed!"

Two spruce trees fall.

"I love you, oh, how I love you!"

And the wind sweeps through the forest and the spruce trees groan. With every tear a tree. With every kiss a tree. With every drop of his life's blood a spruce tree bleeds. And when the "finis" is written over all, still again the spruce tree falls.

The Bureau of Forestry is in despair. There is no hope for the spruce. The mills grind slow but the books come exceedingly fast. The chief forester of the nation sees his finish. Novels to the right of him and novels to the left of him and the spruce trees falling to the north, to the west — ever falling. Soon there will be naught of spruce to fall, and gone will be the office of the forester, and gone his salary and his annual report. Save, oh save the spruce tree, novelist; put away thy pen and preserve the forests of our ancestors. For what bettereth a novelist if he gaineth a reputation for blood and history and loseth his last spruce tree? It is more wise in thee to tear out the hair of the heroine than to pull up the roots of the spruce. Cut off the hero in his youth rather than the spruce in its prime. And look ye, novelist, promise to sin no more; give back our spruce trees and all will be forgiven.

DANCE, LITTLE DEMON

By Gladys Oaks

DANCE, little demon, dance and sing,
Be merry,
Fly on a cloud to the woods, and swing
On a berry.
Exult, exult, in your purple wing,
There's no time to rue.
What matters it you're the devil's thing?
He is God's too.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XII: SINCLAIR LEWIS

With a Caricature by William Gropper

YOU and I know the kind of individual who happens to be blessed with a lowest common denominator among names — let us say "Smith", and who lives in so personal a world that he cannot hear the name "Smith" mentioned without asking, "Where's he from? I wonder if he's any relation of mine." If your own ego and the hub of the world you live in are sufficiently concentric, no Smith is too far out on the rim of existence for you to claim kinship with him, or for mention of his final syllable to fail to tickle, deep within you, a familiar and pleasant feeling, a homely blend of pride and recognition.

It is apparently the same way with authors. It must have been some years after he wrote it that Fielding began to think of "Tom Jones" as a common English name rather than as the name of the hero of his book. Weren't there times in Flaubert's life when, overhearing someone on the street say "Madame" — followed by an indistinguishable sound — he started slightly, and his own lips, audibly or inwardly, filled out the blank with "Bovary"? Didn't Dante often feel something in his own mind click when people about him referred to hell?

Say "Alice" or "Myrtle" suddenly to any mother, and she will think, not of the army of Alices or Myrtles of various shades of hair or length of limb, but of her own, her private, her universal child. Say "Main Street" suddenly to Sinclair Lewis, and he will at once think, not of drug stores and mangy trees and hitching posts and the boys loafing about at the corner, but of a best seller with a blue and orange cover. In his dictionary, "Main Street" is "the big book by Sinclair Lewis".

Let's do him justice. Those two words meant something, besides a mere local address, before he came along. They meant something definite to a good many people, and probably a good many people had used those two words to express smallness and repetition and mediocrity, and the unutterable tyranny of the unseen chains that by the tens of thousands bound restless souls to small roosting places. But these meanings were scattered, and lurked underground, and festered in minds lacking the will or the knack for communicating them. Nobody had all the meanings of "Main Street" in his head, and was ready to stand up on his hind legs and shout them at a country which was half aware of those meanings but was waiting for the big voice with the megaphone. Lewis did the job. He didn't think he had the big voice, and he had no way of knowing that the Main Streeters would stop, look, and listen to him as they only will for a megaphone. He had gone about the job with some humility, and little expectation of success. He had withdrawn

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Sketched by William Gropper

Sinclair Lewis

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from frothy potboiling for the Satevepost to speak, all by himself, the truth that he felt was in him. He spoke — he must have thought — in solitude, and to a blank wall, only to find that the blank wall was a stage curtain which lifted and showed him audiences in multitudes, frantically applauding.

We'll have to give Lewis the credit for this: no matter who its real parents were, no matter if it would have been born anyway, he was the midwife who brought into the American world an expression, a slogan which set a large part of that world talking about itself. He made America Main-Street-conscious. He rescued from that disconnected limbo of small towns which is America, a name by which America can call itself. He gave the two simple words, "Main Street", a whole set of echoes and savors which people will for a few years at any rate think of when they hear those words. There must be a lot of people, among those who read books at all, who used to see a vague picture of the only thoroughfare in town which boasted a car line and where shirts cost more than $2.49, when you said "Main Street" to them, who now think, if perhaps still as dimly, of Carol Kennicott or the Doctor. The dramatization of Main Street, its translation into a symbol, is current even among the least literate. President Harding, explaining that he is just as good as any other man but no better, confessed himself "a plain citizen of Main Street". What's in a title? you ask. Lewis would tell you, if he felt like it, that there's enough in it to live on comfortably for the rest of your life.

What is there in "Main Street", for you and for me and for Lewis, besides the title? Call it "Gopher Prairie" and enough readers drop off to keep Lewis from enjoying a trip to Europe. Call it "The Life and Trials of Carol Kennicott" and the royalties dwindle till you can touch bottom with a foot rule. Call it anything else you like and it's a sure bet that Lewis goes back to potboiling short stories for the Satevepost. I'll admit, if you want to talk about things in the grand style, that Lewis had genius of a kind for hitting upon that title. So had the authors of "It Floats", "The Flavor Lasts", and "There's a Reason". If you'll let me talk about him in my own way, I'd prefer to say that Lewis was the small red catalytic atom which hustled along a reaction in the chemistry of the national mind — a reaction which had been under way for some time, was bound to happen eventually, and might just as well have been hustled along by some other lucky atom. Lewis was the train dispatcher for trains of thought which had been running on no schedule. Or, in a country which had been vaguely hunting about in the dark for something to hit itself on the head with, he stepped forward with a neat and ready brick. At the bedside of an inarticulate middle class suffering from a colic of autointoxication, he won fame by being the first doc to take the pills out of the bottle.

Of course he wasn't really the first. The truest thing ever said about Lewis — it was also the highest praise he ever deserved — was that "Main Street" was one of the milestones in the discovery of America. Yet what quantities of people, whose fold he seems irrevocably to have joined, thought it the discovery itself; as if Main Street, under some less conspicuous title, had not often before been found, and cherished, and described, with far more art, a wider humor, and a deeper understanding of

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bipeds. Can you read "Main Street" when you are not under the spell of the enthusiastic voices — ask Mr. Harcourt how many hundred thousand they were according to the latest returns — who pronounce it great, powerful, epoch making, eye opening, deafening, and true to life? You'll find it, in spite of some qualities, an ugly, repetitious, rather shrill and formless story about people — excepting here and there Dr. Kennicott — who were not so much people as the embodiments of the silly, trite, or cruel things Lewis had heard real people say in the Pullman smoker. Life, as the writer in him looks at it, is every day more and more of a circus parade of the things he hates. He doesn't try to understand these animals — if he did, they would cease to serve his ends. He is listening to their human, their foolish words, but he is always listening hardest when they make fools of themselves. For the bumptious and silly sides of them will fatten his soup — the other sides won't. So he goes on, until his world is one vast nauseous Pullman smoker full of Rotarians, Fraternians, Boomers, Realtors, and Baboons getting off one damn fool remark after another. Their talk would be poison to you and me; it would be hateful to us to listen to it for long and realize that this is so great a part of what our fellows are like. Lewis hated it too, once, but then he began collecting this rubbish, and the more his collection grew the more he loved it and the more he went on collecting it. Lewis is sensitive in a way, and honest, and liberal minded, but the vindictive collector in him has pushed these other qualities aside, so that now, out of what used to poison him, he makes his bread. The first loaf was "Main Street"; the second, "Babbitt", is baked of the same dough. If he keeps on baking in the same way, and thinking and talking about it as he does, he'll wake up to find out that he's got back to the poison again.

Let's go back and look at the antediluvian Lewis — the Lewis who lived before "Main Street" flooded his world with gold. It's a familiar story, and a rather gallant one, showing us the best there was in him. He'd been writing for years breezy popular stuff which he didn't like. It paid fairly well, but not well enough to give him the leisure to unload what he thought he had in him. At last he had collected enough — about two thousand — so that he could do just as he pleased for a whole year. He sat back for that year and wrote "Main Street". He didn't think of it as a best seller. Not with the topside of his mind at all events; but all of us preserve on the little dark shelves of our hearts some prehensile and ridiculous longing to be president, or Captain Courageous, or the best poker player east of the Alleghenies. He didn't show openly any such longing for success, though I suspect he carried deep within him the seed of what later so astonishingly blossomed. He thought well of "Main Street" when it was finished; thought it a serious job well done. He didn't expect a golden shower, or even a silver one; he was ready for brief but passing favor, acknowledgment by the critics of an honest effort, then perhaps silence, all of which, together with poor sales, would mean a return to the popular rock pile of our greatest weekly advertiser. He had written about small and mean people in their millions: would they even so much as stir when he scratched them? Hardly. There was no hope for recognition from them. Walt Whitman, who sang in passionate praise of the common

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man, remained unread by all but a few who wore spectacles and were otherwise far from common. What hope then that Main Street would even turn over in its sleep just because Sinclair Lewis had spit in its face?

His friends all bought the book, then the cognoscenti, then the literati, then the literate. A paltry thousand or so. Then the sleeping beast turned over, rubbed its eyes, and woke up. Fifty thousand. It howled in an ecstasy of self torture. One hundred thousand. It licked its tormentor's hand. Two hundred thousand. It cried for more. Three hundred thousand. His publishers estimate that it has beyond doubt reached two million readers. And people are still buying it and reading it for the first time this very day.

Not the small band of intelligent onlookers only, but the very people he was writing about were reading him. "How true!" they cried. "Oh, how very true to this dull life of ours!" For the moment Main Street was at his mercy. The scorpion was on its back with its legs in the air. It seemed to enjoy the flaying. Yet in its soul it was wounded; something of its pride and self complacency had been trampled upon. And we mustn't forget that it is in the nature of scorpions to sting.

Perhaps I impute too much reason to the amorphous mass that is Main Street in thinking that it planned to get even with Sinclair Lewis. Yet Main Street has an organism of its own — as nature's blind but powerful, and, like nature, it will have its revenge.

How did Lewis take it when his shoddy Main Street was suddenly paved with gold? Did he take it, as one might who was more of an artist, a little shyly, and wonder if perhaps something was a little wrong when stones he had thrown came flatteringly back to him all wrapped in gold leaf? He did not take it questioningly, or lightly. He took, and now takes it, as sublimely natural, and also the most important thing in the world. If you wake him up in the middle of the night, you will find him pondering the latest high water mark of his book's sales, and if you point out to him that the town of Zenobia, Iowa, has not bought the book to the extent of the quota that might have been expected of it, he will forevermore have an unfriendly feeling for that town. For him all streets not Main Street are now side streets. I imagine him picturing to himself, in the form of one of those colored statistical pies, what parts of the United States have been reading him most faithfully. He is always running to the barometer which indicates the sales, and which determines the weather of his existence. Say "Main Street" to him, and it is as if a coin went down the slot; as with those machines into which we drop casual pennies while waiting for the ferry, he begins to pour forth, like a mechanical record, the latest news about "Main Street", and who was the last person to compliment him upon it, and what it means and will continue to mean for the world. If he died suddenly, you would find written on his heart, in blinking electric bulbs of letters, those two magic words. He goes abroad, and brings back little but more news of "Main Street" and the ripples from it that have met him over there. He eats it three times a day, and expects his friends, who are beginning to have their misgivings, to enjoy this personal fare as much as he. If he were to receive a dime every time he said "Main Street" or the words crossed

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his mind, he would have as much money again as he got in royalties. I don't mean that he is thinking always of dollars, for he is not — or at any rate was not — mercenary, but he is human enough to crave fame insatiably, and looks to the dollar barometer as to that by which fame is most reliably measurable. Fame, success, prestige, being talked about, being photographed as he sails with wife and child for Europe, hearing the gathering surf of comment about "Babbitt" as it heads in from sea toward the critical shore — this is his life, his joy, the all for which he gets up in the morning. He doesn't as yet see how he is disquieting and annoying the people nearest to him, who had a right to expect more humility.

Lewis always was, and still is, an admirable mimic. His reproduction of the salesmen telling the world about their automobiles in the Pullman smoker makes you rock with laughter. You know how the patter runs; it is the raw material of "Main Street" and, in a slightly different way, of "Babbitt" also: "I have a little Buick — say boy, that machine can sure go. Why Saturday we went from Parson's Landing to Felchville — eighty-three miles — and from there to — you know the town with the tough turn on the top of the hill. Well, we did that on high, and by the time we reached Pipp Centre I didn't need to put in but only a half pint of new oil. Now I want to tell you. . . ." I can see a smoker full of writers — in so many of whom the salesman predominates, talking of what hills their novels make on high, through a blue haze of cigar smoke. Lewis's is the clearest and most emphatic voice of all: "I want to tell you that there's nothing like that little twelve cylinder Main Street. You don't need any gas — it's all there, go as far as you like. She skids, but she won't turn turtle. Why, my wife and I went all the way to Europe and back on that car. Next year we're going to have a new one. A Babbitt. I've tried it out. Speed — say! and endurance. Watch out for that bus. It's a knockout. I'll bet it beats all the records. . . ."

So Main Street, the insulted and injured, has won out after all. It has taken Lewis into its materialistic camp. It has made him worship, against his surface will, perhaps, its own kind of success. He "belongs" now, does Sinclair Lewis. The "bigger and better" bug has bitten him. Is he strong enough to overcome it, or will Main Street's revenge be lasting?

Meredith has a few lines which apply extremely well to the Sinclair Lewis of today, the slayer caught in his own mesh, the tamer tamed:

O Raphael! when men the Fiend do fight,
They conquer not upon such easy terms.
Half serpent in the struggle grow these worms . . .
. . . While mind is mastering clay,
Gross clay invades it.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Clement Wood

THE June magazines are as full of poetry as a pine tree of ice cream cones. There are no poems by Robinson or Robert Frost, by Sandburg or Vachel Lindsay, by Edna Millay or either of the Benét duo. John Hall Wheelock has a splendid ode, "Night Has Its Fears", in "All's Well"; it would fit here like Og's sword in Hop-o'-my-Thumb's scabbard. The obvious thing would be to make this an Elinor Wylie number: the problem then would be which Mrs. Wylie to choose. There is the Mrs. Wylie of the extreme left:

> He wanders lonely as a cloud
> In chevelure of curled perruque;
> Masked assassins in a crowd
> Strangle the uxorious duke.
>
> Castilian facing Lucifer,
> Juan does not remove his cap;
> Unswaddled infantile to her
> His soul lies kicking in her lap,

from "The New Republic". The first line might have been written by Wordsworth; the rest out-pounds Pound, sets the key for poetry magazines unborn and T. S. Eliots yet unknown. Under the same flag marches "If You Had Three Husbands", a poem, typographically at least, in "Broom", by Gertrude Stein. The last movement is:

GLOOM

> There was no gloom.
> Every room.
> There was no room.
> There was no room.
> Buy that chance.
> She didn't leave me any money.
> Head.
> Ahead.
> I don't want to be visible or invisible.
> I don't want a dog named Dick.
> It has nothing to do with it.
> I am obliged to end.
> Intend.
> My uncle will.

This is one of the finest things, in its way, we have recently encountered. Kin and kith to it is "People's Surroundings", by Marianne Moore in "The Dial", which commences:

> they answer one's questions:
> a deal table compact with the wall;
> in this dried bone of arrangement,
> one's "natural promptness" is compressed,
> not crowded out;
> one's style is not lost in such simplicity. . . .
>
> the vast indestructible necropolis
> of composite Yawman-Erbe separable units;
> the steel, the oak, the glass, the Poor
> Richard publications
> *containing the public secrets of efficiency*
> on "paper so thin that one thousand four
> hundred and twenty pages make one
> inch".

So much for the left. When we come to the centre, we find Elinor Wylie writing aggressive thrusts like:

HEROICS

> Though here and there a man is left
> Whose iron thread eludes the shears,
> The martyr with his bosom cleft
> Is dead these seven heavy years.
>
> Does he survive whose tongue was slit,
> To slake some envy of a king's?
> Sportive silver cried from it
> Before the savage cut the strings.

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The rack has crumpled up the limb
Stretched immediate to fly;
Never ask the end of him
Stubborn to outstare the sky.

Assuming an heroic mask,
He stands a tall derisive tree,
While servile to the speckled task
We move devoted hand and knee.

It is no virtue, but a fault
Thus to breathe ignoble air,
Suffering unclean assault
And insult dubious to bear.

—*The New Republic*

Among the more conservative poets was Joseph Andrew Galahad, whose death on April 13 left much of his singing undone. "Poetry" contains this effective song:

A MOOD

I am sad for the beauty that is dead:

For the sunset that I saw tonight
As I walked on a hill.
For the tangle of clouds in the light
Where the rim of the sun was showing still.

For the breath of a lile slim and pale
That I brought from the forest yesterday.
For the song of a lark on an old fence rail;
For a ground-wren's nest in the last year's hay.

For three slim dogwoods on a mountain-side,
Like ghost trees whitely nodding at the grass;
For a field of buttercups upon a river bank —
For a jaybird jeering shrilly as we pass. . . .

For all the things that are passing and are fair;
For the shortness of the hour that gave them birth.
For the paucity of human hearts that care;
For all the things that are only of the earth.

I am sad for the beauty that is dead.

The Mrs. Wylie of the right moves to the rich music of this:

SONNET

You are the faintest freckles on the hide
Of fawns; the hoofprint stamped into the slope
Of slithering glaciers by the antelope;
The silk upon the mushroom's under side
Constricts you, and your eyelashes are wide
In pools uptilted on the hills; you grope
For swings of water twisted to a rope
Over a ledge where amber pebbles glide.
Shelley perceived you on the Caucasus;
Blake prisoned you in glassy grains of sand
And Keats in goblin jars from Samarcand;
Poor Coleridge found you in a poppy-seed;
But you escape the clutching most of us,
Shaped like a ghost, and imminent with speed.

—*Voices*

This "Voices", by the way, contains a higher average of poetry than any other magazine of the month. David Morton has two characteristic sonnets, Marjorie Allen Seiffert is exquisite in "Enigma", George Brandon Saul lovely though reminiscent in "Sonnets, for Margaret", Edna Lou Walton sharply effective in "To a Madonna", and half a dozen others are worth quoting, notably this splendid lyric by Hortense Flexner:

POETS

Earth, you have had great lovers in your hour,
And little lovers, fearful and struck dumb;
Those who have seen you whole, as from a tower,
And others kneeling where the grass-blades come.
Age after spinning age and day by day,
They toss the dawn between them, as a ball,
Ride Beauty plunging to the whip of May,
And string the stars to light their carnival.
They will not heed the shouting, singing flood
Of lovers gone before them. Echoed cries,
Too like their own may sound, but their wild blood
Is out of hand at seas and moving skies;
The last to come will make his little tune,
And think it new — about the weary moon!

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THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER VI

Old Mr. Tutwheeler of Boston

WE had arrived in Boston with a keen sense that relief was in sight. The old town of which we had heard and read so much, would prove a veritable haven after the brash trumpetings of the rest of America. It was, we had so often been told, a little bit of old England herself, with its quiet streets, its aristocratic populace, its literary leanings, and its historical associations. Longfellow, too, had lived in old Cambridge, and we could go to Craigie House with a sense of actually having completed a pilgrimage. That great name, at least, we revered.

Just after we were settled in our rooms at the Touraine, I found a note inviting me to be the guest of honor that evening at the New England Poetry Society. I sank into my chair with a groan. More poetry societies? However, Terry, dear old girl, came to the rescue.

"I'll go", she said, "and you stay at home with a headache. I can read them one of your juvenilia, one of those sweet little verses you used to write at the age of ten or thereabouts. That will please them."[1]

How much more than usual I appreciated the worth and the usefulness of a truly good helpmate. What better gift can be bestowed upon humble man?

In the violet dusk I wandered out upon the Common, the famous old common of which I had heard so much. In one corner, clustered about a bench, was a group of little boys; they wore large bone glasses and beside them lay a pile of books. I stepped over quietly and carefully to look at the titles: Euripides, Henry James, Plato's "Republic", "Heaven's Holocaust" (by — imagine! T. Tubby). Well! Well! You can just picture my surprise and delight. These were the famous wise youngsters of Boston of whom I had read so much. Indeed, I had seen pictures of them in that semihumorous publication "Life", and in the so called "funny" papers. Here they were. I *must* speak to them!

"Tell me, good young sirs", I spoke solemnly as I advanced toward them, "what do you think of the James brothers, William and Henry, and isn't it a nice evening?"

"Waddya mean, you old goofer?" sang out one of them, and they turned about with one accord to glare at me. It was then I noticed that they had been playing with dice instead of enjoying quiet conversation as I had at

1 Unlike the New York meeting of the Poetry Society of America, it was not raided. It should have been. *Thr. Tb.*

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first supposed. I was at a loss. I stood silently contemplating these curious beings.

"Waddya lookin' at us like that for? We'll teach you to spy on us" — and a red headed young man reached quickly for a book. Others followed his example. What could I do with Greek books raining about my ears? I fled, with the urchins, for they surely were nothing better, yelling at my heels.

"Boys! Boys!" A reproving voice sounded. The urchins ceased yelling and stopped running. I turned to see who had arisen to rescue me, and beheld a strange apparition. A slight little old man stood near, waving a cane feebly. From his top hat to his curiously pointed shoes, he seemed to have jumped from an old print. He was old, inexpressibly old; and yet his eyes sparkled vivaciously.

"Is this what I pay you for?" he said in a husky, wavering voice, turning to the boys. "The next time that this happens I'll discharge you all. *Dis-missed!*" The last word was thunderously pronounced. The group of youngsters broke and ran. The old gentleman turned to me.

"I arrange to have them here", he explained, "for appearances, you understand, keeping up traditions and all that. I suppose you might call me an antiquarian, sir, and there are those", he put one finger to the side of his nose and winked, "who might consider me antiquated — "

"My name is Tubby", I commenced, "and — "

"Oh yes!" said the old gentleman, "I know. I came here to meet you and to fetch you. Come on." He pointed ahead of him with his stick.

"But, my dear sir — ", I protested.

"We are, I trust, Mr. Tubby, gentlemen; in fact, I presume, distinguished gentlemen. I prefer persuasion to force, *but*" — and with that he whipped out a huge revolver of antique pattern, with silver mountings. "Kindly walk ahead of me."

Naturally, I did as I was bid. He marched me to a street close by where a cab stood waiting. It was drawn by an old white horse, and the coachman, attired in dark green, had a beard which blew about him like mist in the evening air.

"Kindly step in," said my friend with the revolver; and I obliged. We seated ourselves and he drew the shutters. The vehicle started jerkily. After a silence of a few moments, during which time he kept his pistol across his knees, he turned to me.

"Your wife will not worry," he explained. "I have left a satisfactory explanation at your hotel. Meanwhile you are, my dear sir, being abducted, by none other than Mr. Tutwheeler, *the* Mr. Tutwheeler, of Boston, of the Cambridge literary group. Few mortal men have seen me. I am a survival of a grand epoch, anomalous, if you wish; but a survival. My methods of prolonging life are no concern of yours. Here I am, a friend of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Howells, the Jameses, the Adamses — a gentleman of the old school, and I am stealing you away from the moderns. Indeed all my life and fortune are being dedicated to keeping the old atmosphere and destroying the new. That's why I hire the boys to look wise on the Common, that's why I've spent a fortune attempting to suppress Amy Lowell, that's why I am stealing you away. I shall not allow so great an Englishman to come in contact with the fearful spirit of modernity that is destroying this beautiful town and the literature of the land."

"Presumably", I ventured, "you are

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well acquainted with monkey glands."

He turned on me such a look of malevolence that I shrank back into the corner of the cab.

"Sir", he bellowed, "monkey glands as applied to the prolongation of human life are a modern contraption. I have no modern contacts. In the future, kindly have a care when addressing me. I admire your high station; but my temper is not so good as it was once and it was never very good. I remember well the day I became angry with dear Mr. Whittier. He resented my chiding him for his radical tendencies. Shocking I call it, revolutionary. Do you not consider such sentiments dangerous when placed in the hands of the masses?"

I murmured an apology and avoided the reference to Mr. Whittier.

"Ah here we are, at last, in Cambridge," said Mr. Tutwheeler. I soon found myself walking through the gloom toward a colonial house, forbiddingly dark, flanked by rows of huge elm trees. As I heard heavy bolts flung back, and the door was opened stealthily, I suddenly felt like a character in a Sherlock Holmes story. I was, truly, frightened out of my wits. There was an air of funereal solemnity in the hallway. The tall spare butler looked like a ghost, and his livery of black and white gave him an almost skeleton-like appearance.

"Bones!" said Mr. Tutwheeler, and I shuddered at the name, "show Mr. Tubby to the George Washington bedroom." He then turned to me. "You will find a wardrobe awaiting you. I trust that the accommodations are perfectly satisfactory."

With a stiff bow, he whisked away into the dark.

My room smelled of lavender. For one instant, I had a horrible thought. Did plumbing come under the head of Mr. Tutwheeler's "modern contraptions"? With a sigh of extreme relief I saw my hot bath, drawn doubtless by the faithful Bones, awaiting me. For a few moments I forgot my troubles as I sank into its deliciously scented warmth.

My situation was serious. In the hands of a madman completely at his mercy, in a strange land and a new town. Occasionally even the spirit of adventure for which I have always been famous fails me, and I find myself face to face with that most distressing of all human emotions — fear!

The long rooms, opening in a grandiose vista, were lighted by occasional candles, as I came down to dinner. Mr. Tutwheeler, a neat, brisk figure, stood awaiting me.

"Before going in to dinner, I must explain the test." He smiled and bowed. "One little thing I have been planning for years. You are to be the Bassanio. You have, perhaps, read 'The Merchant of Venice'?" I nodded. He sighed. "In these days, one never knows. I am happy to see that Shakespeare is not entirely forgotten in his native land."

He had led me by now to one end of a room that was evidently a library, completely surrounded as it was by well filled cases.

"Here is my five foot shelf!" and he pointed to a single row of books which lay along an exquisitely carved mahogany rack, hung against a huge tapestry depicting the landing of the Pilgrims. I started to take out a volume. It was, if I remember correctly, "Brass" by Charles Norris. "Not yet," screamed Mr. Tutwheeler in alarm. "The time is not ripe. Let me explain. This is my dynamite test. I have been preparing it for years. Each season, I choose a new set of books — my pet

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"With Greek books raining about my ears"

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abominations. To one of these books is attached an electrical appliance. When that particular volume is drawn forth a charge of dynamite is exploded, and with it goes this house and all that is in it. With such seriousness do I regard literature, that I am willing to meet death in this manner. I must die some time and anything is better than the knowledge that such books as these are being written. *You* are the man who must make the choice. Come, we shall go in to dinner now. Before you make your decision I must send all of the servants away, except Bones, of course. Bones feels exactly as I do and is willing to die with me."

Imagine my terror. Cold chills swept my backbone. Cold shivers shook my knees. Cold drops of perspiration rolled from my forehead. And as if to make the situation even more grotesque, the eerie little man smiled at me benignly.

"Do you not consider it a great honor that *you* out of all living men have been chosen?"

"But, my dear sir", I protested, "you do not seem to consider the fact that I do not want to die!"

He looked at me with manifest surprise.

"Are you not modern enough to think of the publicity?" He spoke the word hissingly and with scorn. *"Think of the publicity.* Mysterious old Cambridge house explodes. Famous British author disappears from Boston. Were the twain connected? It will sell thousands of your books. It will make your wife a fortune."

"A widow's legacy, sir, never compensates for her husband's death; at least, in the mind of the husband. I beg of you, let me examine the fateful books. I may not have read some of them."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he assured me, pushing on impatiently toward the dining room, where Bones stood, an impressively ghoul-like figure, holding back black velvet curtains which revealed candle light reflected from much fine old silver. "Now, don't mention it again. Let's have a pleasant dinner. I've always heard that Englishmen were such good sports. Please don't mention it again. I have many things about which I wish to talk with you."

We had scarcely taken our seats at a glistening table, when Mr. Tutwheeler started talking abruptly.

"What do you think of Boston?" he demanded.

"You haven't given me a chance to see it," I protested.

"What do you think of Amy Lowell?" he pursued relentlessly.

"An able poet," I began.

"Stop!" He raised his hand in a gesture of dismay. "I have spent millions in an attempt to counteract her influence on young American writers. If she had not been a woman, if she had not been a Lowell" — he paused for a moment, overcome by great emotion. "Do you realize that she has disrupted the good old methods of Longfellow, that she has trampled upon tradition, that she is a veritable Medusa turning to stone all beauties of rhythm and all harmonies of form? The fact that she is of the Massachusetts tradition itself, that she is the inheritor of ages of conservatism — ah, it is too much to bear. Katharine Lee Bates, too; doesn't it seem to you as though a woman of her experience, a teacher in Wellesley College itself, whose own work has fine conception and spirit, should adopt a policy of disdain for the young upstarts? But no — she countenances them, she helps them, she invites them to speak in her courses. Hideous, I call it. The

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Brown sisters are not so incorrigible, though I must say that I have occasionally been shocked by Miss Alice's short stories. Dear Miss Abbie Farwell Brown — her poetry *does* appeal to me. As for George Edward Woodberry, he's what I call *thoroughly modern*. What can I do but die, as I sit faced by all these facts, mindful that I alone remain to fight for the ideals of Emerson and of Longfellow!"

During this incoherent tirade and between mouthfuls of duck, I was looking about me for a means of escape. The windows were shrouded with black velvet. I had considered for a moment making a dash for one of them and leaping out no matter what the consequences; but as Bones drew back one of the curtains to peer out, I saw heavy bars. There seemed little hope. Perhaps if I could cheer up the old gentleman, I should be able to wheedle him into letting me go.

"I quite agree with you about the Younger Generation," I began in an attempt to humor him. "Their minds run too much in sex channels, and as for these young ladies called 'flappers', I — "

"Flappers!" His thin old voice quavered high in an agonized shriek. "Bones, bring me some brandy, quickly, or I shall faint, or die, or something of the sort. *Flappers! Sex!* Oh, my dear Mr. Tubby! . . .

"Don't be sorry; it's a foolish virtue. I'll tell you what I think of them, that is, just as soon as I've had a bit of brandy!"

Bones poured a liberal portion of brandy down his throat.

"You see, my good Tubby", Mr. Tutwheeler began slowly, "they have no taste, no taste whatsoever. Let them have love affairs, who cares, we've all had 'em in our time; but why should they want everyone else to see them making love? What's more foolish than a loving couple? Who wants to read about sex and dish water? Part of life? Yes! But the part we like to forget! Kisses? Very good, very good indeed, sir, in a darkened parlor; but in the sunlight? They don't belong, sir, they don't belong. Nothing is sacred to these young people. They make novels of their own troubles. I'm told that it is even possible to recognize their own sweethearts and wives in the pages of their fiction. Is this breeding, is this taste? Men ask me, what is this that you are fighting? I reply, 'Decadence! Disintegration of the mental forces that bind our government and forge our culture.' Alas! There are times when when I become a veritable Tory in my sentiments, when I wish that we had never broken away from dear Mother England. The British nation is inherently well bred. You do not find these strange phenomena in England, do you?"

I hesitated a moment, feeling, in a sense, that my life depended on the reply. Yet somehow the Tubby love of truth would not let me lie.

"Of course, my honored sir", I began tentatively, "we are much better off than you are in this country, that goes without saying — "

"I suspected as much, I suspected as much," grumbled the old gentleman, shaking his head and rubbing his hands.

"But", I added, and his eyes glared apprehensively and, I feared, menacingly, "we, too, have our troubles. The Younger Generation is not without its wantonness, both in life and in print."

"That isn't the question, that isn't the question," shouted the irate little gentleman, and as he became more angry he seemed to shrivel up and to

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take on the aspect of some other world demon. "Wantonness isn't anything new. I don't expect young people to be angels. I wasn't and I'm glad of it. The question is, Tubby, *do they talk about themselves?*"

"Oh Lord yes!" I blurted out.

For a moment I thought that the old man had expired. But he sipped from his glass of port, and looked at me with a tragic expression in his eyes.

"Alas! Tubby, I fear it was all the doing of those atrocious creatures, Shaw and Wells. Once bad manners have been introduced, they spread. Gentility is no longer genteel, and *impolitesse* is coming to be the only sign of so called aristocracy. It is time, I fear, for the test. Come, sir, prepare your mind to consider the tremendous problem before you."

I arose shakily. Once again I looked longingly at the barred windows; but they seemed to offer no solution. Bones stood, silent and mummified, near the door. Firearms, no doubt, were at hand, should I attempt to make my escape.

"I have invited a few guests to witness the ceremony," Mr. Tutwheeler announced, and by now I had come to realize that his eyes were shining with a glee so malicious as to be absolutely devilish. "Show them in, Bones."

They came, elaborately gowned and faultlessly tailored. He had evidently invited them from far and near to enjoy Death's feast. Bones, in tones like the hollow rumbling of an Indian gong, announced the entrance of each guest.

"Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald" — and a slim youth with light hair rushed nervously and unsteadily in.

"Miss Dorothy Speare" — there was a vision of white spangles and waving fan, and the sound of shrill song.

"Mr. Heywood Broun" — the room seemed suddenly darkened by a huge shadow.

"Miss Willa Cather" — straight and martial in her manner this lady entered.

"Mr. John V. A. Weaver" — carrying five autographed copies of his latest book and a worried expression.

"Mr. Sherwood Anderson" — dark and dreamy eyed, he wandered toward us.

"Mr. Floyd Dell" — going directly toward the hangings, he hid himself in their black folds.

"Mr. Sinclair Lewis" — fiery, alert, eager, leaping like a faun, he started a rapid conversation immediately.

"Mr. Ben Hecht" — carrying a huge dictionary of phallic symbols.

"Mr. John Dos Passos" — with an easel, a paint brush, and a German helmet.

"Mr. Robert Benchley" — the perfect diplomat, he smiled in all directions.

"Mr. Gilbert Seldes" — looking as though he would like at any moment to put on boxing gloves.

"Mr. Stephen Benét" — he joined Mr. Dell behind the curtains.

"Mr. John Farrar" — revolving in a circle he spoke to everyone in the room at least once.

"Mr. Waldo Frank" — walking as if at his own funeral.

"Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim" — triumphantly late, aching for someone to annoy him.

"Mr. Thomas Beer" — shyly and apparently having come only after the greatest persuasion.

"Mr. Herbert Gorman" — hiding as far as possible behind Mr. Beer.

"Mr. Burton Rascoe" — ten volumes of French poetry tucked under his arms.

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"Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart" — attempting to look serious, while his clown-like antics betrayed him.

"Mr. Robert Nathan" — with a cynic's patient glance at the few ladies in the room.

So they came, more and more. Here, certainly, was my chance to escape; but no, Mr. Tutwheeler kept me at his side.

"Do you realize", I started to explain to Mr. Broun, whom I remembered so well from early days in New York; but Mr. Tutwheeler interrupted.

"Mr. Broun", questioned the old man, "do you think that Mr. Tubby will choose one of *your* books?"

Mr. Broun smiled in an embarrassed way, and murmured some polite denial. At once, each member of the group became self conscious in expressions of assurance that his at least would not be the book chosen. It seemed to matter very little to them that I had not read most of their output.

"The hour has come," announced Mr. Tutwheeler solemnly.

The gay company formed in a circle about the shelf.

"To the author of the book chosen, I offer a prize of twenty thousand dollars."

There was a shriek of delighted expectancy.

"I am *so* interested in the work of the Younger Generation — in the *new writers!*" and he turned his back on them all and winked at me. Once more I cleared my throat to scream. It seemed a hateful thing to do; but, after all, it was not as though the loss of these authors would mean much to the world. Of course, I could not help but remember my own unwritten masterpieces that might have spread joy and wisdom to far lands. Still, there was only *one chance* of setting off the dynamite. On the other hand, there was the twenty thousand dollar award. Before me, then, was a nice problem in psychology. To what sort of book would the wily Tutwheeler have been likely to attach the trigger of the infernal machine?

Here were the titles. I gasped. It was hopeless. There were a dozen books, as follows:

To the Last Man.....Zane Grey
Slabs of the Sunburnt West..Carl Sandburg
Brass.....Charles G. Norris
Rahab.....Waldo Frank
The Beautiful and Damned,
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Jurgen.....James Branch Cabell
Three Soldiers.....John Dos Passos
Legends.....Amy Lowell
The Mirrors of Washington....Anonymous
A Parody Outline of History,
Donald Ogden Stewart
The American Language....H. L. Mencken
The Head of the House of Coombe,
Frances Hodgson Burnett

What was I to do? Few of these books I had read. Mrs. Burnett, I knew, and Zane Grey, who is popular in England; but of the others, with the exception of Amy Lowell, I had scarcely even heard. She, I knew, was his pet abomination. Could it be that "Legends" was the fatal book? Then, with a sudden flash of intuition, I decided. Mrs. Burnett's work was innocuous enough. Surely she would not blow twenty-odd souls into eternity. True, the old rascal might be playing a trick on us. Perhaps he wanted to destroy us all, and to end his own miserable life. I was trembling from tip to toe. The room was horribly still. I reached . . .

"TOOT! TOOTY! TOOT! TOOT!"

Mr. Tutwheeler jumped. We all jumped at the sound of brazen trumpets outside. Suddenly Bones burst screaming into the room.

"She is here! She is here! Flee for your life, master, she is here!"

"Who is here?" demanded my mad

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host, still with a semblance of dignity.

"Amy Lowell!" gasped terrified Bones, and fainted.

Mr. Tutwheeler's face became white, so white that it looked like a wrinkled death mask of his former self. He made a hurried movement toward the shelf; but with greater presence of mind than I usually display, I seized him by both elbows and held him there struggling. The other guests expressed their astonishment in various ways, some by fainting, some by running in circles, some by babbling coherently, others by babbling incoherently. Then, completely surrounded by a guard of stalwart young men heavily armed, Miss Lowell entered. She smiled, nodded to right and left, and came swiftly down the room. For an instant she looked at Mr. Tutwheeler. He shriveled before her gaze. Then she uttered one word, delicately but firmly.

"Fossil!" said Miss Lowell.

He sank as though he had been shot.

"Tie them both securely and put them in a corner," Miss Lowell commanded. Then turning to me she said, "Wasn't it fortunate that your wife telephoned me of your disappearance? He signed his name to the note in the hotel. I had heard of his mysterious house. I used to know him once on a time. So I came here directly. What was happening?"

I explained in trembling tones.

"So," said Miss Lowell. We called on some member of the party who was an electrician to cut the wires which we found at the back of the case. There was a rush to examine the books.

Every one of those volumes except *one* was attached to the infernal mechanism — and that one — "Legends" by Amy Lowell. In another moment we would all of us have been seeking information in higher altitudes.

"Why did he do that?" someone asked. "Did he secretly admire Miss Lowell's work, or was he just a rotten sportsman?"

No one will ever know; for late that night after we had all left, there was a terrific detonation which shook all Cambridge. Old Mr. Tutwheeler of Boston had gone elsewhere to join the other members of the Cambridge school of literature. May his works live as long as theirs.

AGE

By Dorothea Moore

A LITTLE grey ape has come
to stay with me.
Sitting close in the shadow
of my shadow.

Shall I disguise him with a
red coat and gold braid
Or introduce him to everybody
by his real name?

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THE LONDONER

The Hawthornden Prize---Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, etc.---Stevenson's Juvenilia---Jane Austen's Ditto---Mrs. Aria---Gilbert Frankau's Birth Pangs---A Visit to Compton Mackenzie---Short Stories---A. E. Coppard---Philip Guedalla---Abel Chevalley in London.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1922.

THE Hawthornden Prize has been won this year by Edmund Blunden, a decision with which there will probably be general satisfaction, not only because it was expected, but because Blunden has for several years been doing good work. I believe I am right in saying that it was Siegfried Sassoon who first saw the possibilities of Blunden's talent. At any rate, it was he who long ago was walking about with manuscript poems by his young friend, showing them to possibly appreciative persons. It is to Sassoon that the prize winning volume is dedicated. If all authors who owe much to Sassoon were to acknowledge his wise championship as suitably, the lists of books dedicated to him would be unending. One time I must write a "character" of this young man. Blunden is a journalist as well as a poet, and his most important work to date has been the edition of Clare's poems which was issued a couple of years ago by Cobden-Sanderson. He is engaged upon a biography of Leigh Hunt, and is a regular contributor to the English "Nation". The period during which Leigh Hunt lived the more vigorous part of his life is one of the most fascinating for the literary explorer, and it is becoming the most fully documented. Hunt was the friend of Lamb and Byron, the guide and almost the ruination of Keats, and as his own autobiography shows, one of the most exasperating men who ever lived. He was not a good poet, and not a good critic; and yet he had great talent and reputation in both directions, and some of his activities made him a notable figure in an age of notable figures. Much material is available for the biography, as we have already learned about most of his contemporaries from the lavish biographies which have taken their places among the essential reading of those who like books about books; Blunden's difficulty will be to select the relevant and to reject what is unnecessary. Few gaps, indeed, now remain to be filled. One of these will be a gap no longer, for I am credibly informed that P. P. Howe's long expected book on Hazlitt will be published without fail this autumn.

I mentioned this book some years ago as in preparation, and it was also announced last year in the "Times"; but unforseen delays have led to increasing impatience among those who have been looking for a serious study of Hazlitt. The life of Hazlitt has been undertaken before, by several people, only to be abandoned. Stevenson intended to write it, and then recoiled from the task. He contented himself with saying, "We are all mighty fine fellows, but we can none of us write like Hazlitt." He spoke truly. It was, so we have been told, the Liber Amoris which disgusted him with the task. Also there have been mysterious legends among the old and infirm that dark secrets in Hazlitt's life were

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concealed in undecipherable passages in the unpublished portions of crabbed Robinson's "Diary". At last Augustine Birrell produced a volume in the English Men of Letters Series, in which Puritanism led him to accept much that rests (against Hazlitt) upon very questionable authority. Mr. Birrell took refuge in copious quotation. Whether P. P. Howe will solve all difficulties, time will show. At any rate, there is no question about the interest with which his book will be awaited by lovers of Hazlitt's work, and it is obvious that an enormous amount of research and trouble has been given to the book. I imagine that it will contain a great deal of hitherto unpublished information, and I know that upon some points Howe will be able to destroy existing assumptions about Hazlitt which have been based upon the extraordinarily inaccurate stuff which has hitherto been printed to his discredit. Possibly more inaccuracy is current about Hazlitt than could be collected about any writer of equal standing in the nineteenth century. What a pleasure there must be in doing justice to a maligned great man! I envy P. P. Howe his task and his opportunity.

* * * *

Speaking just now of Stevenson reminds me that there has been recently something of a flare up in the "Times" about a piece of Stevenson's juvenilia. A tragedy about Monmouth came to light. Edmund Gosse rushed into print about it, saying that he had seen it in the long ago, that it was poor, that he hoped it would not be reprinted to do dishonor to Stevenson's memory. Sir Sidney Colvin followed up with a note to the effect that he had never seen the manuscript, but that he too hoped it would never be printed to do dishonor to Stevenson's memory. Whereupon, after a gentle protest from E. V. Lucas, Lloyd Osbourne, who is Stevenson's stepson and executor, retorted that he saw nothing in the opinions of the two previous correspondents, and that anyhow they would not be asked what work of Stevenson's should be republished or should be kept secret. A twitter of amusement has run round the little world of letters. To understand the situation it should be remembered that Sir Sidney Colvin was Stevenson's best friend, who edited his "Letters" and who has been regarded for many years as the final word on Stevensoniana; and that Mr. Gosse, who is a similarly surviving friend of Stevenson, was the editor of the second collected edition of Stevenson's works (the Pentland). I suppose it is only human in any editor to feel that his own edition contains all that is worth preserving of any man's work. And I remember that Sir Sidney Colvin long ago expressed the hope that his edition of Keats's letters (which omitted all those letters which Keats addressed to Fanny Brawne) would be regarded as the "definitive" edition. It was a vain hope. But after all it is the executors who decide matters of this kind, and it is perfectly true that Mr. Gosse began the trouble with a letter which was like a stone in the midst of sleeping dogs. For this reason I have no sympathy with those who have been affronted. They asked for it.

It does not seem probable that my executors will have much trouble in the matter of juvenilia. The thought is awesome. I have just recalled a manuscript journal, devoted to literary matters, and composed at the early age of twelve years, which was stolen from my family by old friends under the mistaken impression that all juvenile compositions have interest

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for posterity. No doubt these silly thieves have already repented their folly, because the stuff in this magazine was merely youthful and without merit of any kind; but the action reminds me of the very poor service which can be done to young prodigies by the exaggeration of the merit of all early works. "Oh, let me keep this! One day it will be valuable!" "Oho!" — the pleased sniggering upon both sides, the useless accumulation of rubbish, the silly encouragement of conceit. "*So* clever!" Well, it isn't. It is wrong to pretend that prentice work is, anything (as a rule) but rough, tame, jejune practice in the art of writing. As a rule (may Daisy Ashford forgive me for this treason!) the early work is the poor work. Only in the exceptional case is it worth preserving. And the exceptional case is with us at this moment — Jane Austen! Her novel of childhood, "Love and Freindship" (sic), is now being read by innumerable readers. So, too, the other items which succeed this story in the volume. As one might expect from the joking parts of "Northanger Abbey", the work is satirical in tone. It is a most pleasing burlesque of the romantic and improbable tale which Jane Austen loved to read. It has been thought unnatural in her to be so destructive. But nothing is more natural. She laughed, but she loved. "Only a novel!" she exclaimed in a royal rage, addressing the body of those who decry the art of fiction. But she laughed, because she had her own notion of romance. The sentimental kind she made hay of in "Love and Freindship" is also ridiculed in "Northanger Abbey" and in "Sense and Sensibility". Do you remember Elinor's hard rebuke to Marianne when the younger girl began to wail about "Dear, dear Norland!": it was all a part of Jane Austen's sensitiveness to the falsification of romantic beauty and truth. Just as it is the unbelievers who shrink from acts of vandalism, so it is the realists who detest the sin against romance of exaggerated feeling.

* * * *

Few books have recently caused more innocent amusement than Mrs. Aria's "My Sentimental Self". Mrs. Aria approached several well known authors, asking them to write a preface to her book, and they refused with unanimity, until at last Stephen McKenna came royally to the rescue. Wells, Bennett, George Moore — all friends, and all recalcitrant. All agreed that the book needed no preface. Well, they were right. I do not know how well known Mrs. Aria may be to the general public; but she is a great figure in social London. She has praised more of her friends in print than perhaps any other journalist alive. She is incorrigibly good natured, and terrifying. She it is who hears everything. She is discreet, mischievous, incalculable. Ill nature is foreign to her. Long has she been "Mrs. A." of "Truth", a lady who gossips upon frocks and functions, cosmetics (for others) and personalities. She does it so easily that the writing of her book must have been the simplest thing in the world. I shall never forget my first meeting with Mrs. Aria. She said with the greatest cordiality, "Oh, Mr. Pure! I made up my mind that we must meet. I made it up long ago — as soon as I heard you'd called me 'that *damned* woman!'"—which I must admit I had, under provocation, done. And she had heard the remark with appreciation, bearing no malice, but enjoying the thought of my exasperated indignation. She is the aunt of Gilbert

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Frankau, and of course the sister of his gifted mother, "Frank Danby".

Gilbert Frankau, by the way, has recently printed an article containing the following words. They seem to me worth reprinting here.

> I write not egotistically, but out of the depths of tremendous and soul-shattering experiences, when I say that every book of my own which attains to best-sellerhood leaves me an utter wreck on its completion. For a week after I wrote "Finis" to "Peter Jackson", I was too weary even to re-read the manuscript, and for a whole fortnight after the completion of "Aliette Brunton", I was so nervous that I dared not put a horse at a fence.

Who shall say now that we novelists are not heroes! What sacrifices we make for our readers! Where are the poets now? Can they say that after writing a lyric they are afraid to go to bed? Not they!

* * * *

I have recently seen the author of "The Altar Steps" upon his native heath. "The Altar Steps" is the latest work of Compton Mackenzie, and it has done something to rehabilitate him with the critics. The press has been less fiercely adverse than usual to the author. He is supposed to have come back to the fold of the "serious" writers, and so the fatted calf has been slain for him. We shall see. My own impression is that Mackenzie is a humorous writer, and that the wiseacres who want the novel to be "serious" are barking up the wrong tree. At any rate, there the book is, and it is admitted to be a good book by all who have been condemning Mackenzie as a trifler; and Mackenzie is going on with his sequel to it in the pleasant land of Italy. I did not see him in Italy, but in Herm, one of the minor Channel Islands. It took me a night to reach the place — a night of fog and fog signals — a night of mystery, with the moon full and the water shrouded — and morning found the fog abruptly lifted, and the islands before our eyes. They glittered under a brilliant sun. There came hurried disembarking, a transference (for me, and after breakfast) to a small boat called, by the owner's pleasantry, "Watch Me" (Compton Mackenzie), and then a fine sail (per motor) to Herm. I said to the skipper that I supposed there must be many dangerous submerged rocks. "My dear *fellow!*" exclaimed the skipper, driven to familiarity by my naïveté. And with that we reached the island. Upon the end of a pier stood a tall figure, solitary. "My host!" thought I. Not so. Merely an advance guard: his engineer. We greeted — my reception being that of some foreign potentate; and I was led up a fine winding road that made me think of Samoa and Vailima and all the beauties of the South Seas. Upon the road came another figure — this time a young man who made a friend of me at a glance. He now took me in hand. Together we made the rest of the journey along this beautiful road, and to the cottage of residence. I entered. There was a scramble. At last I met my host, who leaped from bed to welcome me!

From that moment my holiday was delightful. The island is really magnificent. Short of a stream it has everything that one could wish for in such a place. It has cliffs, a wood, a common, fields under cultivation, fields used as pasture, caves, shell beaches, several empty cottages. Its bird life is wealthy in cuckoos and other magic bringers; its flowers have extraordinary interest; dogs and cattle and horses give domestic life, and a boat or two may be used for excursions to Jethou, a smaller island near by. And Mackenzie has this ideal place to live

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in for as much of the year as he likes. None may gather there without his permission. He is the lord of the manor, and his boundaries are the sea and the sky. We walked about the islands, and saw their beauties, accompanied by a big dog — a Great Dane — which coursed rabbits and lay like a dead fish in the bottom of a small boat. And as each marvel of the little paradise presented itself I became more and more filled with that wicked thing, envy. But I believe envy does not make much progress when the owner of the desired object so evidently appreciates it with more gusto even than the envious one. Reason is against envy in such a case. To have said, "He doesn't appreciate it" would have been a lie so manifest that it did not even occur to me. He does. That is the secret of Mackenzie's personal ability to charm. He is filled with vitality, but he is also filled with the power to take extreme delight in the delight of others, and to better it. Moreover, he gives one the impression of understanding islands. Herm has been in his possession for something more than a year, and he has lived there continuously all that time (except for two or three visits to London of short duration). It has been in all his thoughts. He has seen it as a whole. He knows it from end to end, its rocks, its birds, its trees and flowers and paths. What wonder that his health is magnificent, his spirits high? What wonder the critics have seen fit to praise "The Altar Steps" as they have not praised anything of Mackenzie's for years? If they had seen Herm they could have done nothing at all but praise without reserve.

* * * *

I see that two volumes of short stories have now been published as representative of the younger generation of prose writers. The notion is to get one back on the poets, no doubt. At any rate, the second of these collections is called (after a famous model) "Georgian Stories". The publishers say that the book is projected "in the belief that the English short story is at last coming into its own"; but I should suppose that the phrase represented a hope rather than a conviction. Even publishers are not so naïve. The contributors to the volume sound promising. They include Stacy Aumonier, who can really write a short story, J. D. Beresford, E. M. Forster, W. L. George, Tennyson Jesse, Sheila Kaye-Smith, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, W. S. Maugham, Ethel Colburn Mayne, Oliver Onions, and May Sinclair. Presumably the stories are new, or at least are unfamiliar; and if they are representative of the authors at their best the book may do great things. At any rate, the attempt is worth making, so long as the contents of the volume have been chosen with firmness. It is lack of firmness, or rather a concentration upon authors instead of stories, which has spoiled the similar collection recently published. The result is that a story by D. H. Lawrence has swamped all the others. Unfortunately when a representative volume is prepared, there is a chance that the editor may feel bound to compromise with his judgment, unless he is of firm stuff; and many an anthology, like many an æsthetic journal, has been ruined by kindness and courtesy to the deserving and incapable. I hope that Alec Waugh, whom I suppose to be responsible for the selection, has borne all this in mind with good effect.

I am reminded in writing of short stories that one A. E. Coppard, author of "Clorinda Walks in Heaven", is

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being very much praised by the literary gossipers for his short stories. "Clorinda" itself is a collection of stories, published by the Golden Cockerel Press; and although I have not myself read the book, one in whose judgment I have some of the faith which long experience of disappointment has left me, asserts that it contains unusual matter of great merit. The book might be worth the attention of American publishers, although London representatives of these firms will not easily discover the English publishers. They live at Waltham Saint Lawrence, Berkshire. I mention the address because A. E. Coppard's book is not the only one to be issued by the Golden Cockerel Press, and because American collectors may care to send for the full lists which the Press advertises as available. As writers of letters in trade papers here say, wishing to establish their innocence of interested motives, "Usual disclaimer." I do not know anybody connected with the Press.

* * * *

Constables announce a new book by Philip Guedalla, dealing with the life and reign of Napoleon III. Guedalla is probably known in America by his "Supers and Supermen", a volume of essays, largely historical, which was published here by Fisher Unwin and in New York, I believe, by Knopf. He is one of the young brilliants, who will probably make his political mark. He was president of the Oxford Union in his day, is a barrister, and is standing for Parliament at the next election for an East London constituency. Meanwhile he is engaged in the historical studies which are his recreation as well as his specialty; and the forthcoming book is one of the results. Guedalla is a good afterdinner speaker with a bad delivery and a bad manner. The words with which he diverts his hearers are wrung from him as if with pain. He stands bent at the table, obviously contrite for the wounds he is inflicting. There is an air of deliberation which makes one unjust to the manifest spontaneity of his wit. But he gets his effects. With whatever writhings of agony the words *are* spoken, they *do* make their way to the heart and the brain. One finds oneself laughing, and the laughter is the horrified laughter of guilt and enjoyment. For Guedalla is cruel. He is unsparing. He is offensive. He will go far in our legal-political world. Mark my words!

* * * *

I had a very interesting talk the other day with Abel Chevalley, the author of "Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps". He was in London for only three days, upon matters of international politics; and he came to me from the French Embassy, amusedly indignant because the French Embassy was a year or two behind in acquaintance with my own extremely valuable contributions to English literature. English literature, it seems, was the subject of the thesis by which he in other years gained his degree. From those remote days Monsieur Chevalley has represented France as consul in various quarters of the earth; but generally in English speaking countries. As a consequence he has, as we say, "kept up" with what was being written in English. His book, published last year by the Cambridge Press, is proof of the thorough way in which he has kept himself abreast of all that English novelists were writing.

SIMON PURE

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WHAT'S WHAT AMONG THE FALL BOOKS

HERE'S a situation! The public, rested, apparently, from doleful contemplation of the high cost of living, has found more and more coppers in its purse to devote to the purchase of books. The publishers, meeting this situation with natural cordiality, have opened their storehouses, and the result is an overflowing Book Bazaar for the autumn. There are so many books that I have been quite at a loss to discover any particular *trend* or literary tendency. The successful young realists of two seasons ago have several of them returned with new books. The interest in biography and autobiography continues unabated. The craze for parodies, satires, and burlesques has definitely increased. There are at least ten of these odd productions on the lists of the major publishers. In the main, reading the fall catalogues is like wandering in a crystal maze; and I find myself thoroughly bewildered. Lest I bewilder you also, I have resolved to mention few books, and only the ones that *at first glance* have interested me.

If I were to choose a first list of novels which I should like to read for probable enjoyment of their artistic merit, they would, I think, be the following: (1) "Command" by William McFee, which is announced as a "study in patriotism" and is, of course, a story of the sea. (2) "One of Ours" by Willa Cather, the story of an immigrant boy — "a Hamlet of the Plains" says the catalogue. (3) "The Wind Bloweth" by Donn Byrne, which is in the same manner as his romantic "Messer Marco Polo". (4) "The Three Lovers" by Frank Swinnerton, a full length novel in the real sense of the term. (5) "The Bright Shawl", Joseph Hergesheimer in what we understand is a return to an earlier mood than that exhibited in "Cytherea". (6) "Lilian", Arnold Bennett's new novel, which is a semihumorous discussion of love and marriage. (7) "The Cathedral", Hugh Walpole's development of the characters of a cathedral town. (8) "The Glimpses of the Moon" by Edith Wharton, which I have already read and for which I do not care, but which would have gone on this list if I hadn't read it. (9) The new Nexö book in the Ditte series, "Ditte: Towards the Stars". (10) "Rough-Hewn" by Dorothy Canfield, the clash of two young Americans with opposing backgrounds of education and character. (11) "The Return", a reprint of an early novel of Walter de la Mare.

The next list would be of books that I knew I should enjoy thoroughly for story interest. They might have literary merit, too; but of the story interest I should be positive. (1) "Peregrine's Progress" by Jeffery Farnol. (2) "Fair Harbor" by Joseph Lincoln. (3) "Captain Blood" by Rafael Sabatini. (4) "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street. (5) "The Breaking Point" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (6) "Carnac's Folly" by Sir Gilbert Parker. (7) "Viola Gwyn" by George Barr McCutcheon. (8) "Skippy Bedelle" by Owen Johnson.

From both these lists I have purposely left "Babbitt" and "This Freedom", concerning which there is already much speculation. I have an

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idea that there is a provocative quality in both Mr. Lewis's and Mr. Hutchinson's new novels that will carry them far.

There are new novels by Archibald Marshall, W. B. Maxwell, W. L. George, Compton Mackenzie, Basil King, J. C. Snaith, and Stacy Aumonier. There is no particular reason for my grouping these gentlemen except that they occupy about the same lukewarm position in my affections. Another group might be, James Oliver Curwood, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Zane Grey, Peter B. Kyne, Stewart Edward White, E. M. Hull (she wrote "The Sheik"), Ethel M. Dell, and Rex Beach. Rose Macaulay has turned to the adventurous from the pseudo-psychoanalytical and gives us "Mystery at Geneva"; John Cournos and Ben Hecht have both changed publishers and their new novels, curiously enough, will appear under the same imprint. The author of "Zell", whose pen name, Henry Aikman, has now given place to his own name, Harold H. Armstrong, contributes "For Richer, For Poorer". Kathleen Norris, returning to her earlier style and forgoing "serial rights", has written a serious study of American family life, "Certain People of Importance". Christopher Morley is completely mysterious in announcements of his "Where the Blue Begins". Clement Wood adds to the growing list of problem novels of colored folk by his "Nigger", while the prize novel, translated from the French of René Maran, "Batouala", is in somewhat the same class. Elsa Barker turns her great imaginative gifts to a psychoanalytical study in "Fielding Sargent" on which she has been at work for several years. Stephen Benét offers a study of young marriage in "Young People's Pride".

It is a trifle upsetting to find Guy de Maupassant and Jane Austen on our fall lists; but so they are, and the unpublished "Dr. Heraclius Gloss" and "Love and Freindship" are now available.

Five first novels catch my eye for one reason or another. Both "Stubble" by George Looms, and "Tutors' Lane" by Wilmarth Lewis I read in manuscript and found delightful. "The Boy Grew Older" from Heywood Broun and "The Chain" from Charles Hanson Towne are, at least, curiosities, because of the already established reputation of their authors along other lines.

A new term for a particular type of autobiographical literature should be devised. "The Indiscretions of Lady Susan" having been announced by one publisher, I suggest "Indiscretions" as an admirable classification for libraries. Oscar S. Straus has written his memoirs, as have Henry Morgenthau, Henry Ford, Emma Calvé, and Augustus Thomas. There will be two additional volumes of "Margot Asquith: An Autobiography". Harry Kemp, the poet of Greenwich Village, has written what is announced as an autobiographical narrative called "Tramping on Life". Djemal Pasha completed his memoirs before his death, and Theodore Dreiser, though very much alive, has written a healthy autobiography (part of which appeared in THE BOOKMAN) and called it "A Book about Myself". "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" compiled and edited by Burton J. Hendrick seems to me one of the most important of the fall books, while Ralph Paine's reminiscent "Roads of Adventure" may prove one of the most delightful. Pierre V. R. Key, in collaboration with Caruso's secretary, has written a biography of the singer. There is announced a criticism and biographical

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study of William Dean Howells. "William De Morgan and His Wife" has already been published, and "Reminiscences of Chekhov" translated from the Russian of Gorky, Kuprin, and Bunin should be interesting for study. Harrison Rhodes's "A Gift Book for My Mother" is a poignant bit of biographical appreciation.

There is not the usual tantalizing array of travel books. I suppose that spring is, perhaps, the logical time for them, though "Atolls of the Sun" by Frederick O'Brien will probably warm many chilling imaginations this winter, and "Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas", as I have said elsewhere, is as colorful a picture of romance and ease as I can imagine. Hiram Bingham's "Inca Land" will be valuable, and, like all his other books, the two volumes from Vilhjalmur Stefansson will be eagerly read.

Most of the critics in America seem to have collected their scattered papers into volumes. There will be "Confessions of a Book-Lover" by Maurice Francis Egan, "Definitions" by Mr. Canby, "The Tocsin of Revolt" by Mr. Matthews, "The Critical Game" by Mr. Macy, "Prejudices", third series, by Mr. Mencken. Perhaps it will be somewhat of a relief to turn from this formidable series to Bob Benchley's "Love Conquers All", Bob Sherwood's "Darkest Hollywood", Donald Ogden Stewart's "Perfect Behavior", Irvin Cobb's "Stickfuls", Franklin P. Adams's "Overset", or even the anonymous "Journal of Timothy Tubby" or the Hon. Walter E. Traprock's "My Northern Exposure". Other volumes of essays that I shall want to read are "Some Impressions of My Elders" by St. John Ervine, Mr. Chesterton's "What I Saw in America", and Alexander Woollcott's "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play" — surely here is variety.

The most important book of poetry on the fall lists is, I suppose, Thomas Hardy's. Richard Le Gallienne, Padraic Colum, John Hall Wheelock, and Bliss Carman are the best known of the others, I should say. "The Master-Mistress" by Rose O'Neill will be particularly interesting because of her own illustrations. There is something of the same freshness in the work of two very young people, Milton Raison and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose first volumes "Spindrift" and "Under the Tree" are to be issued. Genevieve Taggard has chosen a delightful title, "Boys and Girls", for her début in book form. "A Pushcart at the Curb" shows John Dos Passos in a colorful and unexpected light. Lew Sarett has a new volume, "The Box of God". Walter de la Mare has made "A Collection of Poems for Children", while we ourselves have burst into print with "The Bookman Anthology of Verse (1922)". Parody and satire find their place also among the poets, with Margaret Widdemer's "A Tree with a Bird in It" and the anonymous "A Critical Fable" which seems to be a modern imitation or, rather, continuation of James Russell Lowell.

It has always seemed to me a particularly difficult task to know which volumes from the mass of "general" books will be interesting. I should say that John Buchan's "A History of the Great War" would have a strong appeal. Angelo Patri is principal of a New York public school and his "Child Training" ought to prove valuable. I'm naturally interested in "Writing as a Business: A Practical Guide for Authors" by Robert Cortes Holliday and Alexander Van Rensselaer, because I have long felt the need for a frank and sane discussion of the practical aspects of writing, a subject

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which is so often in the hands of quacks and near-quacks.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Irish Guards in the War" will be read with respect and the appreciation that his son was killed in that regiment. Mary Johnston has contrived a species of historical narrative concerning Columbus in "1492". Carl Sandburg has gathered, at last, the fascinating fables for children of which we have heard so much and called them "Rootabaga Stories". There is a new book of anonymous personality sketches called "Behind the Mirrors", and Harvey O'Higgins, with his deep knowledge of psychoanalysis, has done a series of portraits of imagined figures called "Some Distinguished Americans". The first book of its kind, I imagine, will be "In the Court of Public Opinion" by Edward L. Bernays, which concerns the work of a "public relations counsel", more generally known, we believe, as a publicity agent. Perhaps he will not be so revealing as he might. If they are ever written, we shall some day read with something of a thrill the reminiscences of Ivy Lee. "The Stag Cook Book", being recipes by various famous men, is a novelty Robert H. Davis has seen fit to introduce.

Running through this brief sketch I hope that you may have found titles or names of sufficient interest to send you inquiring to the book store or the library. As I look over the filling shelves of the great brown case that receives incoming volumes, I become acutely conscious of the resolve I have just made to read every work of fiction whose title appears more than once in "The Fiction Guide" for the next six months. This is my chore — but yours is the pleasure to pick and to choose. May you choose wisely. Happy reading to you.

—*J. F.*

NEW SORROW

By David Morton

THIS too, in time, will turn an old, sad story,
Read and reread and so remembered long;
This heartbreak, then, will wear a twilight glory,
And crumbling dust will blur the ugly wrong.
Beauty will be upon it like a spell,
Blessing the broken turret and the wall,
A grave and healing hush — with none to tell
What these had been . . . nor how such things befall.

I shall come back at some remembering hour,
Another self among these ruined things,
Noting the late sun on the empty tower,
The slow dusk and the dead, round moon it brings,
And how all this is beautiful and sad,
Like some old tale . . . not the sharp grief I had.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

ON a sweltering summer evening when more fortunate fellow citizens were sitting on ice cakes on their fire escapes, or playing ukuleles on the roofs of apartment houses, or motoring on the Boston Post Road in Fords, or drinking long drinks on the verandas of road houses, or strolling through the gardens of their country estates, or lying on deck chairs on their yachts, we found ourself in a theatre. Since we were there through the generosity of the management it is perhaps only friendly to say that the theatre happened to be the Winter Garden, that the show was "Spice of 1922", and that it turned out to be a stirring display of light summer women's wear.

As we waited for the curtain to ascend we became conscious of a curious feeling of discomfort. The disquieting conviction that, through some error on the doorman's part, we were in the wrong theatre, became insistent. Yet it had certainly been the Winter Garden we had set out to attend, and we were certainly in the Winter Garden. There were the broad seats with their costly upholstery frugally concealed under the chintz slipovers. There was the smoke screen rising from the worst cigars in the world; the patient coughing of women and children; the glass runway with its false promise of embarrassingly intimate revelations; the ash trays which no one ever used, attached to the backs of the seats. But there was something wrong.

The feeling deepened as the show got under way; and it became even more unpleasant because we realized gradually that it was not the theatre that was wrong, but ourself. With a strange diffidence we realized that we did not belong. It is a little difficult to say why, but perhaps it was because we seemed to want to laugh at the wrong places. Again and again we caught ourself on the point of guffawing boisterously in the midst of dead silence. Not that we were particularly amused — it was too hot for anything to seem funny; it was more the result of a well developed herd instinct. A seasoned theatregoer subconsciously learns to watch the droll fellows on the stage much as a college boy watches his cheer leader. He learns to cheer on signal whether he feels like it or not. On this night the signals were frequent and unmistakable, but the audience seemed quite unaware of what was expected of it. On the other hand there were unreasonable outbursts of enthusiasm which obviously astonished and bewildered the sweating funmakers on the stage.

The explanation of it was that the people in the theatre were not a Winter Garden audience at all. They were not even, one might say, a theatre audience. They were chiefly midsummer guests of the city. They were not the people for whom a show like "Spice of 1922" is designed. They were not trained in the nebulous Broadway conventions which, evanescent as they are, coalesce and form the body of laws, the constitution, and

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the bill of rights which all librettists who write for Broadway must follow. But this midsummer night audience was lamentably uninformed. Its composite reaction was so unexpected that the entertainment was thrown quite noticeably and quite amusingly out of focus.

Of course a Winter Garden show is addressed to a very special type of audience. One wonders sometimes if the people who go to the Winter Garden ever go to any other theatre. They seem to be recruited from a curious sect whose shrines are the grills and cabarets clustering about Times Square. One could scarcely imagine them — as a group — in the Garrick Theatre, for instance. One wonders, too, if the people who go to the Provincetown Playhouse and cheer hoarsely at Susan Glaspell's prim attacks on the existing order, ever go anywhere else. They also seem a race apart. As a sensitive group mind reacting to a play, they are, more or less. One has the same feeling about the smooth, well barbered rascals who succeed in getting tickets for Mr. Ziegfeld's first nights. Are they ever seen anywhere else? Looking around at the faces at one of Al Woods's boudoir farces you are convinced that you have never seen any of them before; and that you never will again except at another Al Woods show. They come from somewhere (heaven knows where), see Mr. Woods's shows, and disappear again. There are dozens of such audiences. The people who go to see Robert Mantell in Shakespeare, for instance, are one; the Hippodrome audience is another. Going regularly to many theatres one actually does come to have such a feeling; just as actors, during a long run, say that they have the illusion that they are playing night after night to the same audience. Certainly there are distinct groups among the first night or the first week audiences in a city like New York. Each group has its own idea of what is funny, what is in good taste; each one has its own rigid cultural limits.

But after the first week, of course, the lines are broken. The audiences then are a fusion of all the groups. In the second or third week of a play's engagement, you would find in the sixth row one of Mr. Ziegfeld's communicants and his friend's wife (on the aisle no doubt). In the next two seats you would find a subscriber to the Theatre Guild and his own wife. Next you would find two old people who thought "Lightnin'" the greatest drama they had ever seen; and so on along the row. So on indeed throughout the theatre. It is surely a harsh gamut which a play must run. If it is to survive it must establish a close emotional communion with that grotesquely heterogeneous group of radically differing minds.

It is this that makes play writing the most difficult of crafts. It is a necessity which has nothing to do with the ultimate purpose of the dramatist in writing plays. It does not apply only to the stage carpenter. It binds John Galsworthy no less firmly than it binds Sam Shipman. More than any other creative artist the playwright — if he is to be a playwright at all — must be in faithful resonance with his public. It is true that a play is not a play save when it is being played on the stage. While the dramatist writes his play, no matter what kind of play it is, he thinks of his lines as being spoken by living people. Until they are, his conception is simply not realized. The actors are part of

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the play. The settings, the lights, the costumes are all integral parts of it. They all contribute their necessary share in completing the playwright's invention. But quite as important, even more important, than any of these elements is the emotional response of the audience. That incalculable response is also a component, indispensable part of the play itself. It must blend in with the rest before the drama is fully conceived.

This necessary affinity between author and public is what makes the drama of any period what it is. It is what gives the drama its real importance; for, in the nature of things, drama that lives must be a pretty faithful expression of the culture which produces it. A play, no matter how profound its philosophy, no matter how adroitly it may be composed, must have with it all a common touch, or it cannot live. In a sense that means that it is the earthiness in plays, however fine they may be, which enables them to live. It was the stories that Shakespeare told, rather than the wealth of imaginative beauty with which he suffused his plays, which enabled them to survive his generation. Shakespeare was a child of the theatre. He did not write down to his public; but he intuitively sensed its moods, and he shaped his plays intuitively so that they would absorb to their advantage the full force of their public's emotional response. He realized that it was the play that came over the footlights that was the thing. It is quite likely that it was the story — even in the case of "Hamlet" — which generated his creative power. Possessing the mind he did, he could not fail to exalt and interpret as well as narrate. But he started out, no doubt, in each of his plays, to tell a good story whose values would be heightened by the conditions which prevailed in the workaday, commercial theatre of his time. Molière was also theatre bred. So was Pinero. Most of the men who have given the drama direction were temperamentally incapable of ignoring, were indeed unusually sensitive to that audience on which they must rely to complete their work.

The greatest plays we have were, in their day, box office plays. They met with extraordinary precision the imagination of the average man. It happened that they also possessed qualities which lifted them out of their time, and which made for them a place in literature. But a true comprehension of any play is impossible if it is forgotten that the author re-

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Hairy Ape; Anna Christie; The First Man" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni, Liveright). The month's bargain book. Three of the most notable plays written in this country in one volume. We suggest that you read them in reverse order, however, if you are interested in the development of this remarkable author's power.

"The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling, With Some Sketches of the Nineteenth Century Theatre" by Percy Allen (Dutton). Giving a vivid likeness of the interesting lady against a background of the glittering theatre world of her time.

"Red Bud Women" by Mark O'Dea (Stewart Kidd). Red Bud is not a cabaret, it is a Main Street town. Four short plays depict quite movingly the big tragedy of little lives.

"Plays of the 47 Workshop" (Brentano). Four one act plays written in the Harvard play laboratory. All sincere in purpose and creditable in execution.

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lied upon his audience to round it out into a living thing.

There are so many books written on the theatre by very learned and earnest men, and so many of them, in attempting to measure a dramatist's accomplishment, do ignore this primary quality in the plays he has given to the world. They attempt to make a philosopher, or a poet, or a social propagandist of a man who was primarily a playwright — a craftsman, in the sense that Kreisler is a craftsman. Ibsen suffered grievously (and howled in vain resentment) from such treatment. Shaw has suffered from it, but has agreeably attempted to live up to it. The spectacle of intelligent men arguing furiously over this or that "theory" of Hamlet (we know a man who makes it his life work) seems quite absurd. The play was a good story; it was in resonance with the theatre public of its time. If that is lost sight of its values cannot be apprehended at their true worth. If this is ignored in any play (and it usually is) the intention of the artist is obscured. The balance of his work is destroyed.

It might be said, too, that any form of dramatic writing, or producing, or setting which ignores the audience as a vital part of the play as a complete thing, can scarcely have any permanent influence on the drama's development. An arched doorway tipped at a crazy angle may create an atmosphere of suspense for the artist who designs it. But if it is just a crooked piece of stage scenery to the audience (and it is), it is definitely harmful. It deliberately destroys the illusion without which there can be no drama. It thrusts the audience out of the play. One may feel so without being a reactionary. The drama is not fixed as a form. It never will be. It is always changing. But it has been from the beginning quite a logical and natural process of evolution whose tendency has always been to make more perfect the entente between audience and playwright. The bizarre methods which do just the opposite defeat whatever purpose they have. By their perversity they focus attention on themselves, which imposes new barriers between the play and its audience. Any positive contribution to the drama's development must tend to remove the barriers already there. Any philosophy of the theatre which ignores this impairs the true development of the drama to the extent that it gains acceptance.

Recently over some very bad wine we had a talk with one of the young men in the movement to revolutionize stage settings. He said that he had outlined an idea for a set to one of his preceptors. "No, no!" this authority cried. "We mustn't have real funnels. Not literal funnels. People won't know it's a new art." That remark was actually repeated in all innocence. It was attributed to one of the most intelligent and most effective artists of the school. It seemed illuminating. It expresses at once rather a contemptible artistic attitude and a fundamental misconception of what the theatre is. If an innovator really has a new art it is a life and death matter for him to keep his audience from finding it out.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE ISLE OF SEVEN MOONS—Robert Gordon Anderson—*Putnam.* Adventure, treasure hunting, and love with a Caribbean setting.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Lovable old Ben Franklin stalks philosophically through this tale of love and history—well Americanized.

THE BREATH OF SCANDAL—Edwin Balmer—*Little, Brown.* A maiden, finding the worm of reality eating into the apple of exaggerated idealism, sickens at first and then changes her diet.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH—Hilaire Belloc—*Appleton.* A guaranteed smile provocative which is a genuine satire directed against generally accepted business immoralities.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* The complete Arnold Bennett, middle aged philosopher, humorist, and expert on the subject of women.

THE PROMISED ISLE—Laurids Bruun, translated by David Pritchard—*Knopf.* More of Van Zanten, but this time with days not so happy.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* Weaving, as is her wont, satisfying Victorian romance, this author again pictures London society as it may be.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* The Head of the House of Coombe is again pushed through a world of sticky sentimentality.

GALLANTRY—James Branch Cabell—*McBride.* A reprint of an absorbing book featured with a laudatory introduction by Louis Untermeyer.

THE FLAMING JEWEL—Robert W. Chambers—*Doran.* Adventurous melodrama of the Adirondack country which, Mr. Chambers says, "it amused me to write, because I have a home there".

THE VANISHING POINT—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* Reckless romance and daring deeds. Dawson in an adventurous mood, but still capable.

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THE HOUSE OF ADVENTURE—Warwick Deeping—*Macmillan.* Simple loves and hates at work rebuilding devastated France. Rather delightful.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* An able study of youth, seeking ideal love, entangled in the cruelties of an unusual marriage and its resulting jealousies.

*THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner.* A bitter indictment of a certain portion of the Younger Generation. It might almost have been called "Drink and Marriage".

A SON OF THE SAHARA—Louise Gerard—*Macaulay.* A distant relative, doubtless, of the Sheik.

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN—George Gibbs—*Appleton.* A society melodrama said to explain the flapper. Vivid, but unconvincing.

THE CASE OF SIR EDWARD TALBOT—Valentine Goldie—*Dutton.* A chilling and graphic narrative enhanced with well built mystery.

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* It is too much of a strain, this devising of new phrases to describe Mr. Grey's novel—the old one will do—typical red blood romance.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* What may happen when an idealistic but successful business woman's will clashes with masculine and opposite opinions.

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* Canada becomes the scene of a beautiful, quiet, satisfying idyl instead of the usual thundering romance of the red blood school.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A novel with a skilfully contrived background and one exquisite piece of character drawing. Savina, at least, is a real person.

A VAGRANT TUNE—Bryan T. Holland—*Small, Maynard.* An elderly love story, an episode which Mrs. Gaskell neglected to include in "Cranford", is here added by her grandson.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* A well told tale of colonization, scouting, and adventure which ends with a proper embrace.

*ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton.* A whimsical French abbé tells a quaint and modern romance in his own delightful manner.

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* Strong passion for those who have been loved weakly or not at all.

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INDIAN SUMMER—Emily Grant Hutchings—*Knopf.* A mixed assortment of love affairs with the principals in all ages and of all emotional capacities.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* The well written study of a misunderstood man in which you are likely to recognize yourself.

THE QUALIFIED ADVENTURER—Selwyn Jepson—*Harcourt, Brace.* A horn rimmed sub-editor and the daughter of "Honest Pig Fellowes" find very readable adventures in quest of hidden jade along the China Sea.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* The sins of an army chaplain detailed vividly.

THE WHELPS OF THE WOLF—George Marsh—*Penn.* A dramatic narrative of the Hudson Bay region. With snow and pelts, four wolf dogs, and a worth while French Canadian hero, the book achieves genuine atmosphere and distinction.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* Though some call it "the Great American Novel of marriage", it does not prove the greatness of the wedding ring.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* After a slow start, this realistic and detailed study of four generations of an American family reaches artistic proportions. *(See page 98.)*

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* A conventional love serial with the usual trimmings familiar to readers of women's magazines.

CLAIM NUMBER ONE—George W. Ogden—*McClurg.* A government land drawing in Wyoming leads a motley group of would be homesteaders into a complication of graft, love, alibis, and ambitions which speed to a novel climax between Claim Number One and Claim Nine Hundred Five.

THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* International intrigue as it may be woven in 1934. Sufficiently mysterious to puzzle and allure.

KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright.* Some subtleties of sex, not too subtly displayed against a Japanese screen.

ALL THE WAY BY WATER—Elizabeth Stancy Payne—*Penn.* A diluted mystery about a girl with red hair and nothing much under it.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* The conflicting claims of two men on a girl, which may be read while bathing.

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*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A mellow chronicle of colonization, adventure, and love. Jake Vandemark's autobiography. Most men will like Jake.

MAN-SIZE—William MacLeod Raine—*Houghton Mifflin.* Another romance of the great north. Better than some such yarns—"yarns" is the word.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* This brilliant story teller at her best. A deft, moving, powerful character study combined with a mystery that thrills. *(See page 89.)*

ASCENT—Frances Rumsey—*Boni, Liveright.* An over-subtle analysis of a woman trained to complete egoism, and the recriminative effect of her search among men for emotions outside her comprehension.

THE SHORN LAMB—Emma Speed Sampson—*Reilly, Lee.* Lightly amusing negro child combination to be taken with no mental exertion.

NARCISSUS—Evelyn Scott—*Harcourt, Brace.* Though streaked with excellence, the book reveals, during frequent amours of supreme egoists, too many secret thoughts which seem manufactured for effect.

*ADRIENNE TONER—Anne Douglas Sedgwick—*Houghton Mifflin.* An astonishingly vivid creation of an astonishing character. Adrienne Toner is a woman to fear and upon whose qualities to ponder.

*ALICE ADAMS—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* The Pulitzer Prize novel for 1922. Without reservation a penetrating study of middle class life that every American should read.

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Gentler than a flapper is Julia and briskly entertaining is her young sister. A thoroughly jolly book.

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE—Lady Troubridge—*Duffield.* No device for a cream puff thrill has been omitted from this romance of a London beauty and a colonial hero who woos equally well in livery and in stars and garters.

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* H. G. gives his own ideas about women in a pleasantly psychoanalytical novel.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* Mrs. Wharton's vapid society folk at their vapid worst. Brilliant writing to display a group of wealthy morons in their struttings and posings. *(See page 98.)*

THE HERETIC—J. Mills Whitman—*Macmillan.* Characters carry considerable reality through this tale of Freudian sublimation to a life work.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

The Symbolical Mystery

WITHOUT any question, "The Breaking Point" (Doran) is the most thoroughly absorbing novel for sheer story value that I have read in months. Written with a sure knowledge of the technique of plot building, an unfailing use of the dramatic, a deft sense of characterization, and a clever interweaving of sentiment, it again assures us that Mrs. Rinehart has an increasingly intuitive vision. It is a mystery story, yes. It is a love story, yes. It will make an excellent moving picture, yes. But it is more than that, it is a vivid portrayal of the fact that each one of us has an inner self, another self, around which we learn to build up a screen — a screen through which we fear to have our neighbors look, a screen through which we are finally unable to look ourselves. Dick Livingston will be, to many of us, a symbol of ourselves. Where his past is definitely forgotten, where he is actually possessed of a dual personality, we are simply inhibited, hypocritical, or blind. It is, of course, love that brings "The Breaking Point", that makes Livingston face the past and weld it with the present to create a firm will for the future. Surely there is no more dramatic moment in recent fiction than the one where the upright young doctor begins to remember his ugly past. Reviewers have said that Mrs. Rinehart's continued success depends on her cleverness in developing plot and her masterly handling of a mere story; but no popularity can rest on those characteristics alone! She understands her middle class. She enjoys writing of them, and she reports the American home as few of our writers can. If she chooses to interpret life by a mystery story, that is her own affair. I read every word of "The Breaking Point" and it excited and moved me to a point where the first thing I wanted to do was to tell someone else to read it, and the second was, to have a chance to talk over certain of her ideas with its author. Here is a novel that may be read by thousands with perfect confidence that no "problem" is presented; but for me it was one of the most exciting problem novels I have ever read. This is a supremely clever handling of material, isn't it?

Henry James — and a Viewpoint

ALONG comes a new edition of Stuart P. Sherman's "On Contemporary Literature" (Holt) and we are, many of us, forced to the somewhat unpleasant admission that if Mr. Sherman, the stern voice from Urbana, is a conservative, so are we. What a wise and penetrating essay is that on "The Democracy of Mark Twain"! What an expert placing of the chaotic ramblings and rumblings of groping Dreiser! What a fine appreciation of Anatole France! Here is a viewpoint, and a balancing of character, style, and forbearance. Even if you do not agree with his creed — and there are those of us who do not follow on our knees quite to the altar of his Henry James shrine — you are bound to recognize an example of as consistent a series of opinions grounded in a firm critical philosophy, as exists in American letters. The

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base, after all, is an old one, and (I hope Mr. Sherman will not disagree) it may be summed up in two words, "character" and "beauty" — perhaps the one is contained in the other. Mr. Sherman might say, "Character is beauty."

A Brilliant Critic

I'M afraid that it is often the obvious portions of books that impress me most. The genius for expressing the thing that many people think in a crisp way, is a gift that I admire greatly. Crystallization of mass thought is quite as important as originality, and far more so, if the originality is strained to the point of mere cleverness. However, Lytton Strachey is so often bitingly original, that you'll let me quote a somewhat plain dictum from "Books and Characters" (Harcourt):

> Perhaps the most striking difference between the critical methods of the eighteenth century and those of the present day, is the difference in sympathy. The most cursory glance at Johnson's book ["Lives of the Poets"] is enough to show that he judged authors as if they were criminals in the dock, answerable for every infraction of the rules and regulations laid down by the laws of art, which it was his business to administer without fear or favour. Johnson never inquired what poets were trying to do; he merely aimed at discovering whether what they had done complied with the canons of poetry. Such a system of criticism was clearly unexceptionable, upon one condition — that the critic was quite certain what the canons of poetry were; but the moment that it became obvious that the only way of arriving at a conclusion upon the subject was by consulting the poets themselves, the whole situation completely changed. The judge had to bow to the prisoner's ruling. In other words, the critic discovered that his first duty was, not to criticise, but to understand the object of his criticism. That is the essential distinction between the school of Johnson and the school of Sainte-Beuve. No one can doubt the greater width and profundity of the modern method; but it is not without its drawbacks. An excessive sympathy with one's author brings its own set of errors: the critic is so happy to explain everything, to show how this was the product of the age, how that was the product of environment, and how the other was the inevitable result of inborn qualities and tastes — that he sometimes forgets to mention whether the work in question has any value. It is then that one cannot help regretting the Johnsonian black cap.

On that sermon let my text rest. Has anyone ever thought of comparing Heywood Broun with Samuel Johnson? Physically, they are not so different. Textually? Well, I leave that to the gentle reader!

An Escape to Africa

ONLY on rare occasions does a travel book appear on my desk thoroughly justifying the term "literature of escape". When such an event does occur it is as disquieting as it is pleasurable, for it makes the word "office" anathema, and the fact of a desk unsupportable. "Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas" (Doran) is an almost perfect escape from whatever your surroundings may be. C. E. Andrews, an American with an eye for adventure, color, and romance, has packed his story with beautiful writing and with the quiet sort of thrill that creates the true atmosphere of gipsying. His Berber boys, his sheiks, his mysterious caves in the towering mountains, his faithful mule, and his harem girl Azizi, playing her lute beside the runneling fountain, are pictures drawn with flashing and jewel-like strokes. It must have been while lying among soft cushions guarded by Nubian slaves, a prisoner in a delightful palace gaol at Aoulouz in the forbidden country, that Andrews conceived this intoxicating, poetic account that reads somewhat like an extract from "A Thousand and One Nights".

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SCIENCE A LA WELLS

By Edwin E. Slosson

WHILE statesmen are cutting the world up into patriotic patches and the map makers trying to find enough dyes to color the new countries distinguishably, the opposite tendency is appearing in history and science. The League of Nations idea, frustrated in the political world, seems to be striving toward realization in the world of thought. Wells, who is always quick to perceive and ready to promote new movements of the mind of the race, was the first to take advantage of the turn of the tide by launching his "Outline of History". Van Loon followed with a launch of lighter draft but about as speedy.

Now Professor J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen has undertaken to do for the world of science what Wells did for the history of the world. His "Outline of Science" is even more needed than "The Outline of History", for scientific specialization has been carried so far that men working in different fields cannot keep in touch with one another or even understand each other's language. The vast edifice of science seems in danger, like the tower of Babel, of failing to reach its ambitious height because of the confusion of tongues. This separation of science into distinct sciences is absolutely artificial and altogether misleading. There are no lines in nature.

But apparently no one could be found who had the ability or courage of Wells to undertake the writing of the entire work. Consequently the new work lacks some of the defective and attractive traits of "The Outline of History". It does not have the force of a current poured through the narrow channel of a single cranium but has the advantage of securing greater accuracy and authority in the treatment of various topics. In England the feud between science and letters has fortunately not been carried so far as in America. Their literary men are not apt to be so ignorant and contemptuous of science as are ours, and on the other hand their men of science have preserved more of the humanistic spirit and are more inclined to take the trouble to put their knowledge into a literary form that appeals to the public.

It would be hard to find in America a group of eminent scientists who are also brilliant writers, such as the corps of collaborators that Professor Thomson has secured, or to find anywhere a better editor, for he has shown in his "System of Animate Nature" and other works a philosophic breadth of mind and a clarity of style that preeminently qualify him to carry out so great an enterprise.

"The Outline of Science" occupies a new field and has no rivals. There is no other book in existence that presents all the sciences from the modern point of view in familiar language. The style varies with the writers but it is never pedantic or silly. It is a book for every library — public, private, or school — and more than that it is a book to be read right through or in casual chapters by scholar and layman alike. The numerous half tone and color plates are not merely pictures

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but real illustrations. At the end of each chapter are the names of some dozen of the best books on the subject, so that the reader whose attention has been caught can carry his study further. A philanthropic millionaire who desires to stimulate the intelligence of his contemporaries could not use his money better than to place a set of "The Outline of Science" in every community in the country.

I have left no room to point out the blemishes of the book; fortunately they are few. The only serious defect, to my mind, is that Sir Oliver Lodge has been given a section in which to exploit his spiritualistic vagaries. Sir Oliver Lodge is a great scientist, but his "Psychic Science" has no proper place in a work intended to present to the public the achievements of scientific research.

The Outline of Science. A Plain Story Simply Told. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. Complete in four volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HAMSUN AT NORTHAMPTON

By Allen Wilson Porterfield

IF Inger, wife of Isak in "Growth of the Soil", had applied for admission to Smith College she would have been turned down and away, not because of her harelip, but because Smith does not take kindly to a girl the account of whose belated nuptials takes up only seventeen syllables of a bulky novel. If Petra, heroine of "The Women at the Well", were to knock at Smith's door, she would be asked to take the first and fastest train out of town and going west. It is the same with the entire gallery of women Hamsun has created: Elina in "At the Gates of the Kingdom", Aagot Lynum in "Shallow Soil", Mrs. Juliana Gihle in "The Grip of Life" — they are all naughty and if not, they are seemingly so dull that, though they might do quite well if once admitted to Smith, they could never pass the entrance examinations.

And yet a Smith College professor is the first to write a monograph on Hamsun in any language. It is a queer twist in the history of literature, almost as queer as the fact that the man who got his start in the Dakotas and with the traction company of Chicago should have been awarded the Nobel Prize. Nor is Mr. Wiehr's study to be despised. It gives in approximately 50,000 words an admirable analysis of Hamsun's works. The reproduction of the excerpts from the poems in the original Dano-Norwegian, with adequate translations in the footnotes, and the ingeniously selected and translated passages from Hamsun's prose will prove highly helpful to students of comparative literature. The chronological list of Hamsun's works is excellent in itself and should be taken to heart by Alfred A. Knopf. The recapitulation of the poet's *Weltanschauung* in the final chapter is compact, sensible, and illuminating.

The title of the book, however, is misleading. You take up the volume feeling that at last you are going to hear all about Hamsun's life: his marriages and divorces; his children; his daily habits; the way he walks and talks; the way he studies and writes; the clothes he wears; the people with whom he does not associate; how he looks; what he drinks; where, how, and why, in short, he lives. On these fetching and thus far untouched topics, Mr. Wiehr is silent. His diligent critique is based solely on Hamsun's works and the essays of other men about his works. In all fairness to the spirit of exact or pure science

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such as we have an inalienable right to demand of "college studies", the book should have been entitled: "Knut Hamsun's Outlook Upon Life As Determined from His Published Works."

Mr. Wiehr is also over-charitable. He speaks of Hamsun's parents as being members of "an old peasant family in which artistic talent had cropped out repeatedly". In very truth, however, the Norwegians claim that it is very difficult to locate Hamsun's parents. Some of them pretend to know that Björnstjerne Björnson is his father. But this — truth or scandal — apart, what of his *parents* in the French sense? Are they living? Did he have brothers and sisters? The queries are apposite, for Hamsun is only sixty-two years old and of his family we know nothing. Mr. Wiehr's book represents Northampton at its best, but there is precious little of Lom, Lofoten, or Larvik in it.

This does not however cripple its usefulness as a studied discussion of the man who wrote the "Growth of the Soil". Mr. Wiehr has written with the thoroughness of a Bulthaupt and the critical acumen of a Jules Lemaître. He has done his work so well that the reviewer does his duty when he recommends it without rehashing it. There is but one point to be made. Near the close, Mr. Wiehr expresses his surprise that Hamsun, who feels that the past was much greater than the present, has never written an historical novel or drama. He writes: "But this would have involved the absorption and utilization of a great deal of material already in existence and produced by others, a task which might well seem superfluous to him."

This is unacceptable. Hamsun is the most illiterate man of letters in the world at present. He is an emotionalist and a tree gazer. This is of benefit to him in writing poems, but when he turns out a perfectly plotless novel or drama it is not necessarily because he adores this genre; rather because it is the kind he can best manipulate. He would write an historical novel as quickly and gladly as anyone else; but he cannot control the material. He has never "studied", and now it is too late. His is an undisciplined mind. It is one thing to create inimitable lines and compelling paragraphs on the murmuring of the trees and the unfathomableness of women; it is quite another to build up a well knitted story around a hero who lived a life of dates and deeds.

It is a point always to be borne in mind, and particularly when a professor writes on a Hamsun. The former is bound to assume that the latter knows. It is an egregious error however to fancy that a man must be a student of history and letters if he is an author. Gustav Frenssen is a case in point. Asked recently, in Illinois, to give a short talk on "Faust", Frenssen exclaimed: " 'Faust'! I don't know anything about the history of German literature." Judged by the standards set and maintained in the institution over which William Allan Neilson presides, Knut Hamsun is an ignoramus.

Knut Hamsun: His Personality and His Outlook upon Life. By Josef Wiehr. Vol. III, Nos. 1-2, Smith College Studies in Modern Languages.

CLIVE BELL'S AESTHETICS

By Burton Rascoe

IN the creative arts there are always three considerations which serve to baffle the layman, confuse criticism, and make the discussion of art inevitably either autobiography or meta-

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physics. The first is expression, which has entirely to do with the artist himself; the second is intellectual comprehension of the artistic achievement; and the third is sensibility to the work of art itself. The confusion arises out of the fact that these three considerations are separate and distinct and that they do not often overlap.

Thus it comes about that what an artist says about his own work, his statement of aims, and his æsthetic theories, are very often radically opposed to what a person may gain from the artist's work through intellectual comprehension or emotional sensibility; so that the artist's dicta seem confusing, erroneous, and contradictory. On the other hand it is possible, indeed a frequent fact, that a person may have a thorough intellectual comprehension of a finished work of art, be able to tell precisely what the artist has achieved in organization and form, in other words be able to explain the work of art in terms approaching mathematics, and yet be completely insensible to its beauty — i. e., incapable of being moved emotionally by it. And again, it often happens that a highly sensitized person reacts with profound emotion in the presence of a work of art and even appreciates subconsciously the artist's creative aim, without being able to explain his reaction.

This gives rise to the two major forms of criticism: the objective and the subjective. The first attempts to lead others to an appreciation of a work of art by intellectual means; the second by emotional means. The objective critic tries in so far as he is able, through traditional standards, to show precisely what the work of art, as a thing in itself, is: he may do this by drawing upon ethical and economic resources and by recourse to biographical facts; or he may analyze the work of art in technical terms. Through this method a person may come to understand intellectually a work of art which, emotionally, he has already felt and understood. In other words, he may, through this method, become articulate on the subject of the work of art in relation to himself. The subjective critic merely undertakes to reflect the impression the work of art has made upon him, that is, to articulate his emotions. Walter Pater is a fine example of the impressionistic (subjective) critic, and he had a host of followers in such men as Arthur Symons, George Moore, James Huneker, Havelock Ellis, and, latterly, Paul Rosenfeld.

Clive Bell is a curious combination of a critic who obviously feels art emotionally and who writes in terms of intellectual or objective criticism. It is apparent from his writings that he cares passionately about art, that he is sensitive to beauty, that his taste is impeccable. But it is also apparent from his writings that he has intellectualized his passion, his sensitivity, and his taste, too much. He is a pupil and an admirer of Roger Fry, a metaphysician of the arts who as critic and interpreter also has the handicap (from the point of view of lucidity and comprehensibility) of being an artist himself and therefore primarily engaged with his own particular problems. And as pupil and admirer Mr. Bell has taken as dogma for good or ill many of Mr. Fry's speculations. The difficulty is that Mr. Fry is, through experiment and gropings, constantly revising his notions of the requisite ingredients of a work of art.

This has proved disastrous in some respects to the æsthetics of Mr. Bell. He has spent a decade building up a theory of art, written two books in propagation of his theory, fought ter-

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rific battles in behalf of his ideas, and now he comes along with a new book, "Since Cézanne", and not only dissembles his love but kicks his own theories downstairs. Happily this does not nullify the many excellent things he has had to say in his former books, "Art", and "Potboilers". Indeed, it serves to give these books greater solidity and authority than they, alone, possessed. By modifying his more rigid and too excluding æsthetic theories, Mr. Bell has strengthened them. He has established himself, indeed, as the most reasonable, the most intelligent, and certainly the most interesting art critic writing in English.

There is in his new book a humility conspicuously lacking in his former essays, whose occasionally ill tempered and dogmatic tone may have been occasioned by the stupidity and muddle-headedness of the English in regard to modern art. Mr. Bell probably found it necessary to olympiate and to knock heads together in order to get a hearing. Now, with the battle fought and in a measure won, he can relax and speak in an easier manner. He writes:

> Everyone, I know, must see with his own eyes and feel through his own nerves; none can lend another eyes or emotions; nevertheless, one can point and gesticulate and in so doing excite. If I have done that I am content. . . . I am not author enough to be pained by the certainty that in ten years' time this book will be obsolete. Like M. Mauclair's, it will have served its turn; and I make no doubt that there will be someone at hand to write another, the same in purpose, and in execution let us hope rather neater.

This is an excess of humility, for Mr. Bell points and gesticulates to excellent purpose and there is much reason to hope that in ten years' time the very man to write the book which shall supersede his own, will be Mr. Bell himself. He has done much to establish the values we now attach to Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Friez, Maillol, Duncan Grant, and a host of others; he has with fine precision and illuminating delicacy pointed out the limitations and defects of numerous experimenters; he has written beautifully and sensibly of the relation of the artist to society and of the place of art in civilization. He is a man of convictions, even if they are subject to revision; he says what is in his mind without hesitancy, even if he contradicts himself later on; and he writes in a vigorous but cadenced, easy, lucid, and charming manner.

Since Cézanne. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

CHRONICLES OF THE SOUTH

By Harry Stillwell Edwards

IN his compilation "Women of the South in War Times" Matthew Page Andrews has rendered a fine service not only to the south but to the spirit of America. The volume embraces the personal narratives and diaries of representative women of all parts of the late Confederacy and carries therein not alone the history of events but much of the life, tradition, and aspiration of the southern people. It is a work that can and will be read north and south without bitterness. On the contrary, the records will appeal mightily to the broadly patriotic who glory in the achievements of Americans without regard to sections.

Mr. Andrews has handled his data with skill and discernment, and with unfailing reference to the finer union cemented by two more recent wars and long years of mutual service. His

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suppression of material prepared in the hours of personal suffering is most judicious, since it cannot be read in the environment of its creation. In this, beyond doubt he has done what the authors themselves would be glad to do, if they could revise their work at this late day. Time, place, and circumstance limit all evidence, and much Confederate war history, written in generalities, reviewed through the perspectives of the years and human experience, sifts itself to exceptions and individual cases.

It was a fine idea with Mr. Andrews to stress everywhere the testimony of these southern women of high birth to the gentleness and courtesy of Union officers in general. We perceive now, if we have not realized before, that the needless destruction of private property, which Ludendorff the German barbarian cited as justification for the Hun in Belgium, was not a governmental policy but the work of individuals drunk with power. In this statement there is no desire to minimize the evil. There were plenty of burnings, but in no instance has it been shown that the person responsible did violence to his own heredity. There were high officers in the Federal army of very obscure birth. On the other hand it is shown by the protest of Mrs. Edmund J. Lee to General David Hunter, that she believed and quoted the statement to her of "a Federal Colonel", that forty officers had been deprived of their commands by General Hunter because they refused to carry out his malignant orders. This General Hunter, the most detested man in the Federal army, was, if not of Virginia ancestry, possessed of Virginia kinsmen. He was born in Washington, D. C. He it was who issued an order May 9, 1862, freeing the Negroes in his department (Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida), which order was annulled by President Lincoln ten days later. Mrs. Lee's denunciation of Hunter is spoken of as an American classic, and deservedly. It will carry down the centuries the name of a man deservedly infamous, but it carries with it also the illuminative and gratifying fact that he could find only one officer on whom he could rely to burn the famous old Virginia houses over the heads of women and children. Lest this man be forgotten his name is given, though unfortunately not in full. He is not identical with General John H. Martindale, gratefully referred to by Mrs. Elizabeth Waring Duckett in her narrative.

Mr. Andrews's book contains thirty-four narratives, selected for their diversity and the high character of their authors. It should be in every American library as carrying the first-hand story of the south's suffering and the motives which underlay the heroism of her devoted sons and daughters.

Women of the South in War Times. By Matthew Page Andrews. Norman, Remington Co.

INGROWING ECSTASY

By Herbert S. Gorman

IF the test of inspired literature be ecstasy, as Arthur Machen affirms, both Alfred Noyes and Gene Stratton-Porter may, with all logic, be established as authentic creators. Certainly there is enough ecstasy in "Watchers of the Sky" and "The Fire Bird". Yet a reading of both long poems curiously enough leaves the reader with unquickened pulses. Passion and a vibrant idealism have passed in colorful array before him, yet the books are

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calmly put down and immediately forgotten. There is obviously something the matter with the ecstasy of Mr. Noyes and Mrs. Stratton-Porter. It does not communicate itself to the reader. It is an ingrowing ecstasy. Although it may keep both the versifiers awake it possesses quite the reverse urge for its readers. Perhaps a brief investigation of the reasons why this ecstasy does not function may not be amiss.

The case of Mrs. Stratton-Porter is simple. In spite of "The Fire Bird" and her publishers, she is not a poet. It remains but to be pointed out that her book contains an interesting Indian legend which rises to its climax in excellent style but which does not possess a single line that may properly be offered as containing that divine substance which we call poetry. The only lift in "The Fire Bird" is the tautened interest as the reader dashes on through the lines. Color and movement are to be discerned compact with an admirable use of Indian properties. The stage is well set but the actors do not sing.

Mr. Noyes's book is of different timbre. It is rather silly to assert that he is not a poet, for he has given ample proof of a robust lyrical quality. That quality is being steadily choked by a rampant sentimentalism and an insistence on broaching a "message" to his readers. Added to these drawbacks is the lack of a sense of humor. "Watchers of the Sky" is the first volume in a series to be called "The Torch Bearers". In this particular venture he retells the stories of certain great astronomers, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Sir William Herschel, and Sir John Herschel. Instead of flying straightway into the stars as one would expect Mr. Noyes to do with such subject matter, he narrates the careers of these pioneers of the heavens in the form of rather loose blank verse stories and monologues, occasionally broken up with songs and choruses. At times his narratives disintegrate into bombast; at other times a treacly sentimentalism spoils them; still again his blank verse is but fair prose chopped into lines. Yet through all these inequalities runs a golden thread of the poetic urge. It flares up in a phrase here and manifests itself in a lyric note there. And added to this partially hidden poetic urge is the undeniable fact that the subject matter of "Watchers of the Sky" is quite absorbing. These figures of the past, no matter how they are mishandled or how "cosmic" an interpretation is put upon their careers, thrill the reader. Indeed, it may be safe to assert that the book will be more enjoyed if it is read not at all for poetry but as a series of romantic marginal notes on great astronomers.

Mr. Noyes is filled with the ecstasy of his theme. Yet that ecstasy hardly stirs the reader. I am reminded of a man who cannot refrain from laughing while telling a humorous story or from weeping while telling a poignant tale. In other words, Mr. Noyes has no self possession. His emotion is not coordinated and calculated to arouse the reader. The tiresome spectacle of the poet over-sentimentalizing, continually erupting in pæans of praise for a world that simply *must* be saved, and always satisfying himself with three words when one will do, is everlastingly before the reader. This is altogether regrettable, for fifteen years ago Mr. Noyes was on the verge of a great reputation that might have been made permanent if he had schooled himself, used discretion, and contented himself with writing fine, robust, swinging lyrics. Instead of this he de-

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veloped a Messiah complex. The man who wrote "Forty Singing Sailors" and "The Highwayman" (arrant sentimentality both, but unforgetable in their swing) turned to cosmic chants, ethical disturbances, and inspirational endeavors. The undertaking upon which Mr. Noyes is embarked now should effectually demolish him as a poet. Writing about "torch bearers" is, for him, a dangerous proceeding, for he cannot resist swinging the torch violently.

Watchers of the Sky. By Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
The Fire Bird. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Doubleday, Page and Co.

TWO LADY AUTHORS

By Ruth Hale

KATHLEEN NORRIS'S new book "Certain People of Importance" is certainly meant to make a mighty thrust at something. It is five hundred pages long, and it includes about five or six generations of one family. From time to time one comes across something that might be irony, and there are many little homilies here and there. But for all that work Mrs. Norris surely must have been sustained by some purpose larger than meets the eye. It's as if she had set out to do a mural, and had wound up with a tie dye. The reiterations of the book which were merely exhausting at first became presently painful. There would probably be less reason for us to be so acrimonious about it but for one crowning sin: Mrs. Norris has written with absolutely equal parts of dulness and sincerity.

Sincerity has been in too much bad company already. It should shine only in the most brilliant and useful of causes. It is as rare and as costly as radium. But unfortunately it is seldom to hand when it could do the most good. Here is Mrs. Norris squandering it on a lifeless and interminable tale. She is actually undermining the force of her one great virtue. Her book has every evidence of having been painstakingly done. Honest effort is written all over it. In fact, we would stake a good deal that Mrs. Norris has never done any book more patiently, nor in more complete good faith. It is shocking that with such qualities in her heart, those in her head should have been so impoverished. "Certain People of Importance" is a nineteenth century story of the California pioneers, though it spares us any search for gold.

The next distinguished lady author on our list, Edith Wharton, presents us with "The Glimpses of the Moon", a gaudy thing with no sincerity whatever, unless Mrs. Wharton has a more meagre capacity for honest writing than appeared in "Ethan Frome". "The Glimpses of the Moon" is a puppet show. Every little figure in it is jerked about with visible wires. Their attitudes are necessarily limited, and it seems to us that they are also quite unnecessarily stale. Mrs. Wharton is entitled to her choice of methods, of course, and we cannot complain if she wishes to tell her story with a dashing flavor of unreality. Neither have we just cause against her for writing of absurdly impossible people. Probably almost anybody is possible. But there is a stereotyping in this book which is inexcusable in an author who can do any better. We can give just one example on which, we think, we can rest our case. Two young persons have married who have spent their separate lives sponging on rich friends,

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and who believe they can make a go of it together for perhaps a year or so, by borrowing villas and banking the checks they get for wedding presents. The enterprise gets as far as Venice before it breaks up, with some violence. The departing husband, looking to find his wife in tears, catches sight of her instead arriving in a gondola at a festive party with four men for escorts.

As luck will have it, he, bound for his train, sees no gondola in sight but the one she has just so merrily left, whereupon he takes it. Then follows: "The cushions, as he leaned back, gave out a breath of her scent; and in the glare of electric light at the station he saw at his feet a rose which had fallen from her dress. He ground his heel into it as he got out." We might spot Mrs. Wharton to the heel grinding, but the scent in the gondola pillows is simply too much. Scents began to accumulate in the gondolas once upon a time, of course, but they reached the saturation point at about the time the last Doge wed the Adriatic. Edith Wharton has no business to be writing such trash.

Certain People of Importance. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page and Co.
The Glimpses of the Moon. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Co.

COOPERATION FOR THE FARMER

By Maurice Francis Egan

FREDERIC C. HOWE uses the condition of Denmark as a text on which to hang some very valuable lessons that need application. It would have been impossible for Dr. Howe to write a book on any country from the merely æsthetic or ornamental point of view. He is interested in Denmark; and he gives us the most succinct and the clearest account of the practicality of its economic system yet written. The work of Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, and those of Sir Rider Haggard and Messrs. Harvey and Reppien, occupy a high place in the modern literature concerning the most civilized of all Europeans — the Danes. Of these, that of Dr. Leach is the most interesting and attractive for the American reader who is not an agricultural specialist. Sir Rider Haggard labored under the disadvantage of not understanding the language, and Messrs. Harvey and Reppien had no knowledge of those special practical points on which Americans desire particularly to be informed.

The arrangement of "Denmark" is extremely clear, and the reader can find just what he wants to know without a moment of unnecessary loss of time. Nearly every man who has thought seriously on the agricultural condition of the United States, has come to the conclusion that legislative enactments for the benefit of the farmer are often obstacles to his progress, and that the attitude of the Chambers of Commerce and other well intentioned helpers, is sometimes condescending. The farmer of the United States does not need the assistance that laws can give; he needs law only in order to remove certain impediments in the way of his improvement. He is quite able to take care of himself; but, owing to the relation of partisan politics to the question of agriculture, he is often confused and led out of the direct path. Dr. Howe's book should be in the hands of all of our compatriots who desire to discover why the Danish farmer is contented and successful under the worst natural

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conditions and why our farmers are often restless and dissatisfied and suffering difficulties under, as a rule, the best exterior conditions.

Nobody imagines that the system, which Dr. Howe so clearly explains, of state banks, founded with a view to the needs of the farmers, or of cooperation, could be applied to the United States without great changes. In the first place, Denmark is a small country; its government has no difficulties from the struggles of conflicting interests. There is really only one interest in Denmark, and that is the interest of the farmers; and its government must recognize this because dairying is the very life of the land. Still, in every state it would be possible to apply the principles of cooperation, and even most of the methods which Dr. Howe tells us are so admirably in operation in that little country.

The remedy for the ills which afflict the farming population in nearly all our states, is within the grasp of the farmer himself. Hitherto, he has relied too much on politicians, has been enslaved by bad traditions, and has allowed himself to be exploited through a lack of careful scientific examination of his own case. What has been done so well in Denmark, may be done here; and what has been done in Denmark, carefully considered by the farmers of each state in relation to their particular local needs, may be done well. Dr. Howe's book is so terse, and his impressions and conclusions combined within such a compact form, that it is unnecessary to make quotations. "Denmark" is within reach of everybody; it poses questions — very suggestive questions — and gives their answers irrefutably; Dr. Howe does not surmise or deal in mere possibilities; he gives us facts and the exact deductions from the facts.

The volume has been censured as lacking a spiritual quality; but it must be remembered that Dr. Howe pretends to write only about "a cooperative commonwealth". At the present moment supporters and critics of the farmer's bloc in Congress will find the book worth consideration.

Denmark, a Cooperative Commonwealth. By Frederic C. Howe. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

ARTIST WHIM

By Charles Wharton Stork

YOU want me to be a rectangle
Of smooth plate glass,
Through which the outside world
Will print itself with undisturbed exactness.
But the trouble is, my friend,
I'm a prism,
Obscuring, distorting, topsyturvying
Your nice old commonplace world,
Splintering the light of fact and scattering it
In wanton gleams of many tinted spray.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

A SEA MONSTER rearing its Protean head above subsiding waters—this is the Russia which appears in Paul M. Miliukov's latest survey, "Russia To-day and To-morrow" (Macmillan). A member of the pre-revolutionary Duma, Mr. Miliukov felt the first fumes from the red hot caldron of Bolshevism, yet out of his country's long chaos he has brought a calm sanity of perspective, and a cool balancing of the Bolshevist, Reactionary, and Liberalist elements which have seared their way into Russian history. In a grave but hopeful outlook, he sees Bolshevism perished of its own poison, and democracy as the imminent panacea whereby Russia's unique artistic cache shall be released to the world.

If it must be done, and evidence on the back covers of our monthly fiction magazines points that it must, Margaret Emerson Bailey has done it in the most satisfactory and acceptable manner. "The Value of Good Manners" (Doubleday, Page) does not deal with the specific circumstance alone, but assumes that the reader has already become accustomed to the proper execution of the minor details of the art of correct living. The author urges thoughtfulness among the members of the household, extreme courtesy to guests, the importance of a more general kindliness. In every instance, she does not fail to stress the fact that increased courtesy reaps many benefits. One can place one's finger upon tangible results: desirable friends, valuable business associates, the love of wealthy and aging relatives; all of which are possibly more to be cherished than the knowledge that a gentleman should walk on the curb side of a lady under all circumstances.

Most of us keep our identities when we turn philosopher, but Christopher Morley tells us that his meditative side is that of an old Chinese mandarin. This whimsical gentleman, who observes with all of his sponsor's cleverness and humor, gives his attention to the advertisements, goes to the movies, receives an income tax collector, leads in fact an ordinary American life which provokes many interesting reflections. One particularly delicious comment follows a thoughtful astonishment at the subway:

> But you do not understand the
> Subway,
> Said an American mystic
> Sitting next me at the Rotary Club.
> It is a travelling hermitage,
> A flying monastery,
> A nunnery that moves at fifty miles an
> Hour.
> Into its roaring wagons
> Thoughtful men and women descend
> With joy:
> They know that there,
> The only place in the whole city,
> They can meditate undisturbed.

Other contemplations, some of them more serious, have also been transposed into free verse by Mr. Morley in "Translations from the Chinese" (Doran). None of the original oriental flavor has been lost. The transcriber goes on to explain that "in each man's heart is Chinese writing, the strange ideograph of the spirit, scribbled over by the swift stenography of daily life". That, in other

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words, each of us has a "lurking minified mandarin", though it is doubtful if many are as humorously pensive, keep such delicate skepticism, have as likable a sincerity. Certainly this is Mr. Morley at his best. Seldom has any mandarin had a rarer and more delightful wisdom.

"In the Clutch of Circumstance" (Appleton) is a burglar's own story of his life, published anonymously for obvious reasons. It is written with engaging frankness and tells with a certain pride how its author broke into the homes of only the best families and what he found when he did. He finally made a nocturnal visit to Mark Twain that resulted in a ten year sentence, and during this time he decided that his profession was not worth the risks it involved, and that henceforth he would go straight. The book is a plea for prison reform and fairer treatment of released convicts; it arouses sympathy and interest even though you take an extra trip downstairs to see if the back door is locked.

Like those exhaustive — and exhausting — prayers of our childhood, which invoked blessings on the whole range of humanity, from the President of the United States to the obscurest orphan, "Odes and Lyrics" by Hartley Burr Alexander (Marshall Jones) "covers" an all-inclusive, cosmic field embracing "The Generations of Man", "The Four Continents", "The Isle of the Blest", "The Mountains of the Lord", down to "The Flower of Love" and "The Circlet of Remembrance". Small wonder that the crucible of poetic feeling has to be many times diluted in order to last through. It is an astonishing, indefatigable, old fashioned industry that at its best produces deep forged passages of quiet and noble philosophy, and at its worst a watered sentimentality as trickly and tasteless as maple sap.

Miniver sighed for days of old,
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing . . .

In "The Life and Times of Juliette Récamier" (Seymour) we read how Juliette, marrying at the age of fifteen, serenely leaves her elderly husband, goes to Paris, and becomes the queen of the literary world, attracting to her brilliant salon such notables as René de Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, Prince Augustus of Prussia, Benjamin Constant, and Napoleon's brother — not to forget the friendship of Madame de Staël. Contrasting it all with our own rather crude "literary teas", one sighs with Miniver for the days of old. Or does one? Juliette was beautiful, Juliette was charming, Juliette was wealthy and alone. Juliette was saccharinely sweet and pure. Delia Austria, who has written the book, insists upon her purity — whether technical or spiritual, is left in ambiguity. The book is a beautiful thing to grace a lady's boudoir table.

"What's Wrong with the World?" by John D. Works (Stratford) is an indictment of the morality of the present age, of its ideals of pleasure seeking, and of the debasing and devitalizing standards that tend to pervert the young, destroy the home, and shake the cornerstone of society. The book is widely comprehensive in scope, and treats subjects so diverse as gambling, the divorce evil, and the closed shop; but while the author is to be commended for the purpose of the volume and for his sincerity, he endeavors to cover vastly too much

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territory. As a consequence his work is entirely too sketchy, too cursory and superficial. He not infrequently fails to be convincing because he assumes the attitude of the preacher, hurls moral platitudes at the reader without taking the time to demonstrate their wisdom, and adopts a flatly conservative or conventional attitude without endeavoring to bolster it up with adequate arguments.

The tolerance and sympathy with which David W. Bone so carefully observes the sailor in all his adventurous hours, coupled with his richly flavored style, make the odd bits thrown together as "Broken Stowage" (Dutton) irresistible confections. There is such a love of the sea and such a love of the sea's rough men! Stories, sketches and essays are tossed into a guarantee of delicious hours and a longing for an appreciative nose to whiff the odor of the docks and the scent of the open water.

"Old English Poetry" by J. Duncan Spaeth (Princeton) is a volume of alliterative translations into modern English of many of the best examples of early English verse. Even the casual student of English literature will recognize "Beowulf", but there are numerous others which will prove illuminating to those more deeply interested in the rise of literature in our mother tongue. The translations are excellent and portray, as nearly as any translation can, the elements that made the old poems of particular worth. Copious and intelligible notes are helpful to a more complete comprehension of the rhetorical and textual difficulties met with in the poems proper.

"One of the chief aims of the present volume is to stimulate American intellectuals to abandon the mental habits which prevent them from seeing human nature as a whole, instead of something that can be pigeon-holed into various compartments or classes." So writes Margaret Sanger in "The Pivot of Civilization" (Brentano), which has a most commendatory introduction by H. G. Wells. Mrs. Sanger rides rough shod over the world saving programs of philanthropists, economists, and philosophers as she marshals a most effective array of arguments for the dissemination of birth control knowledge. She sees in voluntary motherhood the only way in which a better civilization can be started, and to the reader she gives most vividly her reasons for this belief.

"A Dominie in Doubt" by A. S. Neill (McBride) is a book to be recommended to all who are interested in practical psychology as well as in the reform of educational methods. Written largely in the form of racy dialogue interspersed with paragraphs of meditation, it presents many of the beliefs of contemporary psychologists with a view to their application to the problems of the schoolmaster. Some of the ideas it embodies are to be found elsewhere, but even when lacking in originality they are valuable for the succinctness and definiteness of their presentation. The book will not only make entertaining reading but will provide much useful information to one seeking a foothold in the elements of psychology.

Both the major and the minor philosophers of England and the United States are discussed with keenness and critical discernment in "English and American Philosophy Since 1800", by Arthur Kenyon Rogers (Macmil-

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lan). Although, as the subtitle states, the book is primarily a critical survey and deals comprehensively and analytically with the various currents of thought during the last century and a quarter, the author admittedly attacks the subject with the object of advancing his own point of view, which is that philosophy should not sail the clouds exclusively and place itself out of harmony with normal human interests and the everyday facts of life. "Reference to the needs of the living, in a wide and generous interpretation", says Mr. Rogers, "furnishes the touchstone by which alone the sanity of philosophical reasonings and conclusions can be tested." His volume, accordingly, represents in the main an attempt to test the various schools of philosophy by means of such a touchstone.

"Pieces of Hate" (Doran) is the skimmed off cream of Heywood Broun's unceasing comment on institutions and transitory events and personages. If Broun lacks the erudition of some other critics, he compensates for it by making his literary contributions easily absorbed. In this volume his impressions range from those on prizefighting to others on the paternal instinct. When, in any or all of his creations, he deviates from his theme to ensnare an epigram, paraphrase, or even pun, the worth of the captured bon mot outweighs any loss from the unnecessary feint. He does this even in naming his book, for in the contents are benedictions as well as anathemata. One can almost experience the chuckling satisfaction that Broun must have known when he created such happy phrases. He smiles to himself all through the book and, what is more important, the reader does too.

"The Escaping Club" (McCann) is an absorbing wartime memoir written from a peacetime viewpoint. Captain A. J. Evans, R.F.C., learned, while imprisoned in Germany and Turkey, all to be known about evading his captors. Having fled the Clausthal prison and been recaptured near Holland, he was taken, with other officers who had tried to flee German hospitality, to the supposedly impregnable Ingolstadt fort. There almost all the men lived toward but one end — escape. The book, intimate as a family recital, describes in detail the ingenuity and tireless energy of these man sized children, and their good humored cooperation in many failures and few successes. It is told in a sporting spirit, as one describes a thrilling game, and lacks rancor toward the captors, who are described as "good fellows".

There is in George Sterling's "Sails and Mirage" (Robertson) an uncanny, bitter, and very touching conflict between passionate longing for beauty and angry resentment at the ugliness of life. One seems to recognize in the poet an adolescent idealist grown middle aged and disillusioned by contact with reality — "homesick for that lost country of our dreams." His whole tenor of thought is imaginative, symbolic to a rare degree; his verse has a vigor of its own; his ideas are radical, and his disappointment with life and its cruelty crops up at every turn, even amid scenes of loveliness, like a spectre at the banquet, "wedding the breath of ecstasy and sorrow" into a whole both impressive and moving.

It is easy to understand that a demand for a reprint of "The Naturalist in La Plata" by W. H. Hudson (Dutton) still exists. The author is a

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naturalist scientifically and humanely, and he appreciates beauty as well as fact. His despair at the increasing destruction of mammalians even for museums should rouse to action all those who do not wish to have for their motto, "Let us slay all noble and beautiful things, for tomorrow we die." The chapter on the puma will be of especial interest in view of the many erroneous opinions on puma savagery. And the chapter on humming birds is a work of art. The book is beautifully written; and well illustrated by J. Smit.

From the press of Alfred A. Knopf comes "The New German Constitution", the first systematic treatise on the subject printed in English. It is an excellent translation by Joseph Gollomb of the scholarly and impartial French original of René Brunet, formerly legal adviser to the French Embassy at Berlin. Charles A. Beard, the American historian, at whose instigation the translation was made, has declared this to be the best book on the subject written, as yet, in any language. Beginning with the situation in October, 1918, it traces in detail the political history of the revolution and discusses clearly, exhaustively, and impartially the constitution and the forces that made it.

A wreath for courage goes to Upton Sinclair for his recently completed "Book of Life" (Sinclair). Working on the assumption that opportunity and training have given him a knowledge of the intricacies of mind, body, love, and society denied the average citizen, he has prepared this large assortment of miscellaneous information to put certain facts at everyone's finger tips. Yet the book is more than an encyclopædic condensation, for always there are the author's beliefs and prejudices among the facts. For what the book is intended to be, it is rather a remarkable accomplishment.

To Will Ransom, embryo printer, must go whatever artistic credit attaches to "Opened Shutters". In composition, hand lettering, and design the book is of the finest quality. The poetry itself, by Oliver Jenkins, is mercerized. At a distance it has a shimmer like the real stuff, but examined under the lens of intellect and emotion, the tinselly cotton threads show out. Several of the less pretentious pieces show poetic feeling, but the bulk of expression is loose, flabby, tottering on makeshift images, with a wabbling insecurity of diction. Another real poet, perhaps, dazzled by the gleam of brass and the sound of tinkling cymbals.

If Noel Coward expected the reading American public to unmask the characters disguised in "Terribly Intimate Portraits" (Boni, Liveright), he is probably set for disappointment. The grease paint of burlesque is generally too thickly applied to permit the recognition of the real figures beneath. But his travesties on past and modern methods of biography are genuinely funny. Among the best is "My American Diary" — a fragrant demitasse for all who have enjoyed (or read at all) the original.

"Shall It Be Again?" (Huebsch) is dedicated by John Kenneth Turner to "the lads who will come under the next draft". To them he offers a vitriolic attack on Wilson's policies, charging him with forcing an unwilling America to fight Germany, accusing him and his administration

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of the rankest imperialism of modern times, and branding his peace talk as hypocrisy. Behind all the arguments and references that fill a large volume, there are veiled tears for a gullible public unable to separate truth from deception but capable of falling behind the selfish ambitions of a war hungry group of capitalists. Some will charge the writer with pro-Germanism, but he is only pacifistic. He shatters illusions with the eagerness of all revolutionaries and whether or not such attacks are quixotic, at least his book is capable of stimulating thought and wonderment.

While Stephen Leacock, in "My Discovery of England" (Dodd, Mead), is giving food to a gross appetite for burlesque, he also serves the epicure finer dishes of satirical subtleties. There is enough in the book to bring that rare justification of the publisher's inevitable "uproariously funny", while behind the slapstick are the nuances of the greater artist. He jibes broadly at the English novelists with their impressions of America, all the while delighting in announcing certain faults he has found in England as he imitates the manner of his prototypes. His is good humor — and that comes so seldom!

Royall Snow is a young man with a theory of poetry, as can be plainly seen from his work in "Igdrasil" (Four Seas). Theories have sometimes resulted in the production of good poetry, as in the case of Wordsworth; and Mr. Snow's is an eminently wholesome one. He holds that free verse both can and should be melodious. His free verse makes use of rhyme occasionally and of artistically lovely phrasing very often and with good effect. His free verse sonnets are anomalies, unpleasant and meaningless because falsely imitative; but some of his poems, such as "City Streets", are touching and effective. It is to be hoped that both he and others will try to live up to the terms of his policy and will produce verse that is poetic though free.

An international history of our own times is what Herbert Adams Gibbons supplies in "An Introduction to World Politics" (Century). From its beginning during the Napoleonic age, world politics is shown gradually winding its insidious coils over all the nations of earth. The main axiom of this science is that "interests engender sympathies", and it "means the study of diplomacy, of chicanery, of hypocrisy, of violence". Dr. Gibbons's book is notable for the thoroughness of its presentation and for a scientifically objective attitude that makes intelligible the actions of Germany and others during the World War. A great part of the book deals with the war, viewed not as a series of battles but as a shifting phantasmagoria of national alignments, each economically motivated. The volume takes in all the conferences — even Genoa — and must prove useful to whoever wishes to understand even the headlines of our daily papers.

John Freeman has succeeded in giving a convincing picture of George Moore in "A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work" (Appleton). This is no revelation of hero worship. It is a critical analysis of the many books Moore has written — an attempt to show the heights to which the author has at times risen and also to point out the ordinary plane which he sometimes followed. With Moore's books beyond the purchasing power of

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so many, this volume gives a good speaking acquaintance with all of the Irishman's literary efforts, warning the cautious buyer away from those Freeman feels are not happily typical of the man's best work. Besides, the portrait is in itself a delectable bit of writing.

The third series of Anatole France's "On Life and Letters" (Dodd, Mead) is devoted almost entirely to literary criticism. It is a collection of essays showing a remarkable mind viewing subjectively the writings of contemporaries and earlier artists. It contrasts so with the American style of criticism (if it be permissible to speak of native critical works as possessing a single style) that it almost seems the work of another period. There is such probing into the writings of others, for France never seems satisfied with any surface exploration. The wisdom of his years and experience and the glint of his genius make the book worth either casual reading or earnest study.

The latest charge to be laid at our — cosmically speaking — door, is the inability of mankind to face reality. Because of this, according to Professor Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, ex-fellow of King's, Cambridge, and author of "Facing Reality" (Doran), we are socially and morally bankrupt and will come to a bad end. He makes an iconoclastic indictment against all the forces of civilization — no fetish or ideal is left untouched except the Holy Trinity of Reality, Truth, and Right. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford prescribes generous doses of this nebular compound to save our sick, sick world. The, to some, vexing problem of just what constitutes right or wrong, truth or falsehood, reality or unreality, does not enter.

"A Guide to Men" by Helen Rowland (Dodge) is a book of easy epigrams which needs no explanation for those who are familiar with "The Sayings of Mrs. Solomon", the "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl", and the syndicated column under the author's name in the daily papers. It is neatly decorated in lavender, "half-mourning", and will be a valuable book for the young who wish to scintillate. "The material for this book", says Miss Rowland, "was collected directly from nature at great personal risk by the author." Fannie Hurst to whom it is dedicated has written an introduction.

To read "Dreams and a Sword" (Yale) is to have adventures. Not, alas, the adventures of a soul among masterpieces, but the commoner experience of chancing on an effect of beauty where one had come to expect only the commonplace. Medora Addison has written in this volume some exceedingly banal war poetry, and not inconsiderable sentimental verses, all in choppy lines of monotonous metres. It is therefore with gratitude that one reads such a graphic and acid bitten piece as "The Farmer's Wife" or character sketches like "Outcast" and "Masked". These tiny portraits seem to us her best work, although there are quaint and dainty things as well — witness this casually lovely piece of decoration:

AUTUMN DUSK

A sickle moon hung in a blue-green sky,
A twisted tree etching the sunset's gold,
A twilight wind, rustling the dead leaves by,
And sudden night, star-decked and purple-stoled.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

During July, for the first time in many months, neither Harold Bell Wright nor Gene Stratton-Porter figures in the list of authors of books in demand at the public libraries. This fact is offered not by way of commentary upon the literary taste of the book borrowing public but merely as an item of news, to which there may be coupled the safe (in this instance) prediction that as soon as Mr. Wright or Mrs. Porter produces another book it will find its way into the list with the utmost promptitude. If this were not true, then the value of this record as an index of the popular reading demand would be nil.

Were not the "best sellers" also the "best circulators" in the libraries, we should be forced to the conclusion that there exist in America two classes of readers — one class that has the means wherewith to buy its books and another class that, for reasons of economy, borrows from the libraries — and that these two groups are alien to one another in their outlook and point of view, as reflected in their respective reading tastes. The only other possible explanation of such a phenomenon, did it exist, would be the presence of an active library censorship, widespread and effective enough to control and limit the supply of reading matter to those unable to buy their books.

Proof of the essential uniformity of the reading tastes of all sorts and conditions of Americans is found, therefore, in the closeness with which the library demand parallels the bookshop demand. Therein, too, lies the proof of our democracy. There can be no rigid caste distinctions, no sharp divergence of interests, no irrepressible warfare or unbridgeable gulf between class and class when all alike, worker and capitalist, highbrow and lowbrow, farmer, artisan, merchant, and manufacturer, are reading "If Winter Comes" and "The Outline of History" with the same enthusiastic interest.

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
2.	Gentle Julia	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Maria Chapdelaine	*Louis Hémon*	MACMILLAN
4.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
5.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
6.	The Vehement Flame	*Margaret Deland*	HARPER
7.	Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	To the Last Man	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
9.	The Great Prince Shan	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE
10.	Saint Teresa	*Henry Sydnor Harrison*	HOUGHTON

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
3.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
4.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
5.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
6.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
7.	Painted Windows	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
8.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
9.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
10.	The Glass of Fashion	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Notes from France

MAURICE BARRES, for the second time, takes his readers into a garden. It is no longer the "Jardin de Bérénice", that place of intellectual and sensuous exploration described by the young Barrès long ago. Still "Un Jardin sur l'Oronte", where the writer lingers for a while during this later period of his career, has parts like the other, vistas not unexpected.

If the political and nationalist preoccupations of the author do appear here and there in the composition of this latest book, the intrusion is much less obvious than in the series of "Les Bastions de l'Est", "Colette Baudoche", in "Au Service de l'Allemagne", and other similar "problem" books, if I may call them so. "Un Jardin sur l'Oronte" is the relaxation of an excellent stylist from the pressures and demands of political life, which does not care for style. Barrès, the congressman, has little to do with a romance whose plot lies in a half fantasmagoric Syria, in a voluntarily ill defined Middle Ages, in the atmosphere of the Crusades. A young French nobleman, Sire Guillaume, and Oriante, a gloriously beautiful infidel, fall in love with each other. War and passion, Christianity and the East, fight for supremacy. After episodes which seem to repeat some of the Legend of Tristan, the lovers are sacrificed in the course of their adventures, but there is triumph for the spirit of the Cross — a monastery will be erected over Oriante's grave — and for the vitality of French or "Frank" influence in that Near East where France today assumes again the duties of a protector.

Some connoisseurs say that Maurice Barrès, in this book, has been equal to himself — to the culture of "Le Secret de Tolède" and of "Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort". The political adversaries of Barrès are of course prejudiced against the book, since we live in an epoch when people deny Anatole France's talent if they are not pacifists, and when others admire even Léon Daudet's style, because they agree with him about Henry IV. Then again, a few critics say that the art of Barrès is the acme of insincerity, that every word of his books is "literature", in the depreciating sense given by Verlaine in his famous "Art Poétique". I can have no opinion of my own on Barrès, because they've all been taken already.

This is the season when literary prizes are falling right and left in Paris like shells in the streets of Dublin. The last happy victim is Francis Carco, a young man and a successful playwright, who received the Grand Prix du Roman from the Académie Française. This must not have gone without some resistance among the august members of the green assembly (I am not speaking of Dail Eireann), because the subjects depicted by Carco in a series of talentful books, especially in the two last ones, "La Bande" and "L'Homme Traqué", are very unlike those ordinarily chosen by Messrs. René Bazin, Paul Bourget, etc. Carco describes the Paris apaches, their "lady friends", and the particular ethics of their set. He does it without moralizing about

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them, and also without presenting a plea in their favor. When Charles Louis-Philippe wrote his famou "Bubu de Montparnasse" (probably hard to find in America) he did not escape the literary fashion which consisted then in exalting every feature of the underworld and glorifying its characters at any cost. That was twenty years ago, and the first wave of Dostoyevsky's influence over French writers was just over. The criminal was the only psychological subject worth talking about. Since then, we have found more in Dostoyevsky, and less in the apache psychology. Carco is a first-class technician of objective realism; and no doubt this is what the Academy wanted to acknowledge, thus showing that realism, coupled with talent, was not to be systematically condemned.

The paradox is that Marcel Proust, who writes exclusively about society, was crowned by the Goncourt jury which is supposed to perpetuate the crude traditions of Zola, Jules Renard, and Octave Mirbeau, while Carco, who surrounds himself with characters of the most disreputable kind, receives his consecration from the French Institute. . . .

Another prize — the Grand Prix de Littérature — goes to Pierre Lasserre, a writer of great distinction, known mostly for his book on French Romanticism. This book is not indulgent toward the 1830 movement and the Hugo influence on French literature, and so considerable use has been made of it by the defenders of the classics. But Pierre Lasserre does not let himself be carried to extreme onesidedness. In a recent article in "L'Opinion", an intelligent and open minded article, he protests against the systematic depreciation of Romanticism and of the whole French nineteenth century, depreciation by people who cannot forgive the Romanticists their republican tendencies and their solidarity with all liberal movements There is a good deal of courage in M. Lasserre's resisting the exaggerations of his political friends.

While we mention recent magazines let us not overlook, in the "Nouvelle Revue Française", an unpublished story by Dostoyevsky, "La Confession de Stavroguine", translated by Boris de Schloezer, and in the "Ecrits Nouveaux", a cruel article by Maxim Gorky on Russian cruelty. The same issue contains curious reflections on Saint-Simon by Suarès, and several intense poems by Mireille Havet, who may become a great poet if she cares to. We hear with regret that the "Ecrits Nouveaux" will no longer appear.

Among the successful books of the month, "Les Discours du Dr. O'Grady", by André Maurois, is a sequel to the excellent "Silences du Colonel Bramble", now recommended to French classes in English schools. Bramble himself, as a general, reappears in the new book, which is another happy, keen, and sympathetic picture of the British army in France as seen by a French interpreter.

The French provinces (this time it is Auvergne) give us, through Henri Pourrat, a kind of epic with "Gaspard des Montagnes"; while Ernest Pérochon, the author of "Nêne", has written "La Parcelle 32", another peasant story.

I have no space left for books on politics and on economics, although M. Fabre-Luce and M. Labadié have written excellent ones, well deserving of notice. But as the eastern sage would say, if these are good, they will be as good in six hundred years. Or next month.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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When Björnson Turned Forty

PASSING recently by the Melrose branch of the New York Public Library in Morris Avenue, virtually the last and least of all residential sections in the Bronx, I went in to look up some material on Björnstjerne Björnson. To my extreme surprise, I found a dozen or so entry cards of the late uncrowned king of Norway. Since the books listed were nearly all on the same shelf, I asked the librarian if I might be directed to them so as to make my own selection. With the courtesy and intelligence that seem to characterize all librarians, she said: "Of course, but I fear you will not find many of them in. Björnson is very popular in this neighborhood." And yet the Bronx is derided as the unurban section of Greater New York and the American people as a whole are supposed to be motor, movie, and money mad.

This *Entdeckungsreise* on my part was motivated by two great volumes just published by Gyldendal of Copenhagen and presented to me by Albert Bonnier. The volumes are entitled "Brytnings-Aar: Brev fra Aarene 1871-1878" (Years of Rupture: Letters from the Years 1871 to 1878). If my skepticism concerning the appositeness of anything that might be said about Björnson now was nearly wiped out by my experience in Morris Avenue, it was completely mopped up on looking into these books: they are twin mines of information concerning all things æsthetic from the time Björnson was thirty-nine until he was forty-six. The man of whom Georg Brandes once said, "To mention his name is like running up the flag of Norway", was born in 1832 and died in 1910, just as Theodore Roosevelt chanced to be in Christiania.

Practically everything Björnson ever wrote in the way of creative literature has been translated into English and these hitherto unpublished letters, edited by Halvdan Koht of the University of Christiania, probably will be, but there is no reason why readers of THE BOOKMAN should not be given a foretaste of their contents. I take them up quite at random.

In 1872, Rudolf Schmidt, then a prominent journalist, wrote an article of 65 pages in a Norwegian magazine on Walt Whitman. Björnson wrote to Schmidt from Bergen, March 27, 1872:

> Walt Whitman has given me a pleasure such as no new man or new book has given me in many a year; and in one respect it is the greatest pleasure I have ever had. Never in my life did I think I would ever receive help in and from America, — but thus and no other way it naturally had to come. I thank him and you with all my heart. For days after I went around like one possessed and indeed the grand impression I received is still with me. I feel as if I were on the ocean watching passing icebergs, the first harbingers of spring.

That Knut Hamsun is a perfervid admirer of Whitman is known; he himself has said so. That Björnson felt this way about the favorite son of Huntington, Long Island, has thus far been confined to the archives of the University Library in the capital of Norway. It is unlikely that further investigation would prove fruitless.

Writing to Gotfred Rode, a Danish author, in 1871, Björnson said of Darwin: "His teachings are of great interest to me at present. His is the only work in the natural sciences that will, I feel, come to have a definite result in the future, though this result will hardly be along the line momentarily expected." Did Björnson anticipate the contemporary battle over evolution fifty-one years ago? It would almost seem so; for he had a

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remarkable faculty of foreseeing human values. In a letter to S. A. Hedlund, written in 1873, he said: "Emil Key's wife and daughter are the doughtiest females *(Fruentimmer)* I know, and, upon my soul, that is saying a good deal." The daughter was Ellen Key, born in 1849. In 1873 she had written nothing but a few random magazine articles which Björnson could hardly have read at the time.

Then there is Ibsen. Between him and his colleague Björnson there was every thinkable difference and not the slightest similarity. This contrast is brought out even in their names. "Henrik Ibsen" is a snappy expression composed of two short words, each having both of the two bright vowels in it and no others; you can say it without greatly disturbing the organs of speech. "Björnstjerne Björnson" on the other hand is sonorous; it makes full use of the dark vowel "ö"; it is a mouthful when spoken. What did Norway's greatest patriot and pamphleteer have to say about his bewhiskered rival?

In 1871 he wrote that Ibsen never became himself until he created "Peer Gynt", for Gynt is Ibsen whereas Brand is Sören Kirkegaard. He found Ibsen hysterical. In 1872 he criticized Ibsen for remarking that it was the well trained soldiers of the Prussian army that defeated France, he himself contending that it was German intelligence and inspiration that gave the fatal blow to the ignorance *(Uvidenhed)* of the French officer and the French soldier. He denied throughout that he was jealous of Ibsen, and said openly that Ibsen would in time take his (Björnson's) place among the positivists and rationalists. In 1873 he wrote to Sofus Högsbro: "I am so glad that Ibsen is meeting with such success; for his success means glory and honor to our little people; indeed to the whole of Scandinavia." The remark is significant, for there has never been another case on record where just two poets gave a nation of two million souls world rank.

In 1874, we see him already beginning to tack. He wrote to Edvard Grieg beseeching him not to try to make an opera out of "Peer Gynt", saying that though there are passages in it that lend themselves well to musical treatment, there are others that are "a flight from music" *(en flugt ifra den)*. The world owes it too to Björnson and no one else that Grieg finally composed his "Peer Gynt" suite and abandoned entirely the idea of the opera.

The title of these letters, "Years of Rupture", is best explained and justified in the correspondence Björnson had with Georg Brandes. The readers of THE BOOKMAN know that Brandes is an uncompromising neutral in matters of religion. Björnson's father was an uncompromising Protestant pastor who bequeathed his beliefs to his receptive son. Hence, when Brandes began, in the sixties of the last century, to make propaganda for French æsthetics as opposed to Biblical tenets, Björnson called him "little Brandes" and "the Brandes boy". He felt (1871) that Brandes was incapable of enduring achievement as a critic because he was a free thinker. In 1878, however, after much study of Brandes, he advised his countrymen to read Taine and Darwin, contended that no one knew anything about a life beyond, asserted that the thought of complete annihilation at death was the happiest he could conceive, and sought refuge, not in the bosom of the church, but in the doctrines of Brandes. The actual attitude of Björn-

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son toward religious faith has been widely discussed. As to what that attitude was, at the time he turned forty, these letters leave not a shadow of a doubt. Brandes brought about the change. I am neither approving nor disapproving but merely recording conclusions concerning what was long but is no more a moot point.

Owing to the heavy importation of Dano-Norwegian literature, we have come to hear much in recent years of the great publishing house of Gyldendal, the chief of which in Björnson's day was Frederik Hegel. The letters to him are a joy to read. He was Björnson's publisher. These are some of the terms in which the author addressed his communications to the man who was responsible for the bringing out of his works: "Dear, dear friend, and always the same!" "Thou sweet, seductive counselor!" "Dearest friend." "Thou dear, thou inwardly dear friend!" "Most precious of all old boys!" And then he proceeds in language equally effusive, assuring Hegel that there must be no thought of a written contract; that a gentleman's agreement is abundantly sufficient. But if Hegel was inclined to raise some questions, as he evidently was, though these volumes contain only letters *from* Björnson, the author attempted to show his publisher that the economic side of the matter might be relieved by selling the manuscript at the "highest possible price" also in Germany and America, and in America it must be "The Atlantic Monthly" that takes it. Suppose a writer in this country were to approach his publisher with such words of affection, and with such complete confidence!

When we recall that really the best of Björnson's works were completed by 1878, and that so many contested points concerning them are cleared up by these letters, their value becomes at once apparent. I have read nothing more human, personal, intimate, and illuminating in the last ten years. They should be done into English.

Writing on Björnson in 1893, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, then professor of Germanic Languages in Columbia University, said of "Beyond Human Power", Björnson's most remarkable drama: "This is so obviously a closet-drama that it is difficult to imagine how it would look under the illumination of the foot-lights." How times have changed! In June last "Beyond Human Power" was played in Munich under the personal direction of Björn Björnson, the dramatist's distinguished son. It was a revival after a Munich lapse of nearly twenty years. It was too a stupendous success. A Bavarian critic says: "How is it possible that we have let this marvelous work lie idle for so long?" But the astounding feature of it all is that some good people fancy that psychoanalysis, spiritism, faith cures, and the like are new "ideas". Björnstjerne Björnson dramatized the whole "system" exactly forty years ago, a fact not disputed in Munich and the Bronx.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

A German Miscellany

ONE of Germany's most distinguished sociological writers has died in the person of Grete Meisel-Hess. She was only forty-three, but had suffered for some time from hallucinations, a strange troubling of this translucent brain. In the initial stages of her mysterious nervous illness she used to say that she had induced it through succumbing to the temptation

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to take part in spiritualistic experiments. Both the temptation and its effects are the more remarkable since Grete Meisel-Hess's mind seemed armored with an invincible, skeptical logic, a broad, enterprising, masculine courage in invading new territories of thought and morals. Several of her novels became very popular, but her claim to the remembrance and the gratitude of the world is founded upon two serious yet fascinating works, "The Nature of Sex" (Das Wesen der Geschlechtlichkeit) and "The Meaning of Monogamy" (Bedeutung der Monogamie). She was a passionate advocate of the single standard for man and woman, and brought new and brilliant arguments into play. She fought many a bitter battle with violent and often fanatically spiteful opponents in defense of her ideals. In spite of their high and pure content and objective, her books are daring and outspoken.

Gustav Meyrink, the author of "Das Wachsfigurenkabinett", "Der Golem", etc. — once the most malicions and insidiously satiric mocker of the pedantic, bureaucratic, vapidly contented bourgeois order of society — is becoming more and more of a mystic. The first traces of this singular change of heart were visible in his bizarre and fantastic romance of a spectral crumbling Prague, "Der Golem", published during the war, then in "The Green Face" (Das grüne Gesicht). His new book, published by Rikola of Vienna, is called "Der weisse Dominikaner" — "from the Diary of an Invisible One". It is so steeped in mysticism that the story plays quite a secondary part. There is a tremendous scene in this book in which the author exposes the dangers of meddling with spiritualism as practised by superstitious ignoramuses and greedy professional mediums. Meyrink is at present editing a series of esoteric "Books of Magic" for the Rikola Verlag.

Jacob Wassermann's new book, "Oberlin's Three Stages" (Oberlin's Drei Stufen), is an exceedingly subtle and penetrating study of a young man's development to a point which marks his recovery from a first unfortunate love affair. In addition to Wassermann's fine, crystalline style, the book has an extraneous interest in the picture which it presents of an idealistic school reformer who, searching for a healthy solution of the sex problem of the adolescent, is dragged into the dust by the prurient minded for whom nature in any form is only another name for evil. This part of the book is evidently inspired by the fate of the celebrated Wyneken Boys' School and of its founder, whose fight against prejudice and calumny aroused much partisanship some months ago. Wassermann shows very plainly that his sympathies lie on the side of freedom and progress.

The Malik Verlag, of Berlin, one that embodies the spirit of revolt and radicalism in connection with the new intellectual and artistic movements, has acquired the German language rights of John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers". As this young publishing house is strongly anti-militaristic, this book is grist in its hoppers and water upon its wheel. Mr. Dos Passos made the request that the translator work from the original manuscript instead of the printed book. The German version will therefore be the only complete and "unbowdlerized" one. It is being made by Julian Gumpertz who was born in the United States.

The German reader, cognizant as he mostly is of some foreign language, nevertheless prefers to read his English and American books in transla-

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tion. The German translator out of the English may be usually divided into two classes — he who has learned his English according to the English tradition and vernacular, and he who has learned it according to the American. In this circumstance lower all kinds of pitfalls for the unhappy translator — and for his unfortunate author. Despite the high standard attained by most translators here, there are inglorious exceptions, and one of these is "Die neue Welt" (The New World), an anthology of the latest American lyric poetry of the free verse school, edited and translated by Claire Goll, and published by the S. Fischer Verlag. Claire Goll is the sister of Ivan Goll, the expressionistic German poet, and lives in Paris. While she has succeeded in capturing a good deal of the lyric quality and the color of her originals, her knowledge of English, or of American English, is at times so shaky that she has been guilty of a number of simply incredible "howlers". For example, in her translation of Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" we find "court house" translated as *"kleiner Gutshof"* (small farmyard); "too many peasants" as *"zuviel Friedliche"* (too many peaceable ones); "prairie lawyer" as *"Prairiegelehrter"* (prairie scholar); "top hat" as *"spitzer Hut"* (pointed hat); "a league of sober folk" as *"der wahre Völkerbund"* (the true League of Nations)! Such things sometimes make one long for the universal prevalence of Esperanto or one of the other homemade and incubated languages.

The Deutsche Bücherei in Leipzig, that vast modern library and book museum in its palatial, almost Colosseum-like home, has sent out some interesting statistics. According to these, lack of paper, increased cost of production, and other reasons have caused 160 magazines to suspend publication during the last few months. Of these thirty-two were in their first year — small, ephemeral sheets, some dedicated to art and literature, some catering to the taste for sensation, some pandering to the itch for the erotic — some, perhaps, which in happier times would have secured a small but faithful band of readers and developed into spiritual influences. The way of the magazine publisher here is certainly hard. Every week or so his printers make new demands upon him. Every time his paper supply runs low he is in doubt whether he will ever succeed in getting any more. And his public, beset on every side by a vicious increase in prices, shows a fretful tendency to draw its purse strings tighter and withhold its subscriptions. It is a wonder that the small magazine devoted to the arts can continue to exist at all, and a positive miracle that in spite of this slaughter of the innocents, new magazines should continue to be established.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability, any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

Commencing with the October number of THE BOOKMAN *a series of club programs will be announced. These programs will be supplemented by essays and bibliographies on the subjects involved. Various other magazines have promised to cooperate with us in publishing correlated articles. These programs will be formed not by the editors of this magazine, but by a board of advice which is now being formed and which will include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. We believe that this service and these programs will give to our readers, whether or not they be club members, a clear understanding both of the history and the present current of American writing.* THE BOOKMAN *will also assist the small literary club in obtaining excellent speakers at moderate rates.*

A LETTER in my basket this morning, coming from a small Kansas town, reads something like this: "We are a club of sixteen married women who are attempting to improve our minds by study. Our subject for next year is 'What Can Literature Do for Us?'. Have you any suggestions for a program?"

It is obvious that what that particular club needs, and what most clubs need and want is, either to gain a cultural viewpoint or to keep a viewpoint already gained, fresh. In presenting the BOOKMAN programs which commence in October, we will try to give you both a method and means for acquiring a viewpoint. You may not care to use the particular programs presented. They will, at least, show you how various authorities on various subjects think these subjects should be handled by clubs. The outlines are theirs; the details, quotations, bibliographies, etc., are, to a large extent, my own. The actual preparation of these programs has been a task filled with effort and amusing incident. Agreement among members of the committees has not always immediately resulted. Even consent to serve was not easy to secure, and trips to various parts of the country for personal discussion have been necessary. At any rate, the first program, that on "American Fiction", is now ready, and the first half of it will be published in October. This will be followed by "American Poetry", "Drama", "The Short Story", etc. Meanwhile, of course, the cases of specific clubs that call to apply for advice will be handled by me or by my assistants.

The executive council of advice for these club programs is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, literary critic of "The Nation"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors' Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Dr. Robert Herrick, novelist and professor of English at Chicago University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. James Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist.

The committee for the American

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fiction program consists of: chairman, Mary Austin, and assisting her, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and William Allen White.

The chairman of the poetry committee is Amy Lowell; of the history of American literature, Carl Van Doren; of the drama, Kenneth Macgowan. The various committees and other chairmen will be announced later. In selecting these committees it has been the effort of both the chairmen and myself to secure those whose names would naturally be included in the programs, so as to avoid complication on the grounds of modesty. I hope that clubs or individuals will use these programs in all ways possible and will feel free to communicate with me personally, or through me, with members of the committee.

—*J. F.*

THE BOOKMAN'S SERVICE FOR WRITERS

SOME HELPFUL BOOKS ON STORY WRITING

An Answer by Alexander Van Rensselaer

NOT long ago I came across an advertisement said to have been written by Elinor Glyn, the author of "Three Weeks", "Beyond the Rocks", etc. This advertisement said among other interesting things:

> For years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.
>
> These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk". People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

It is undoubtedly true that most of our modern writers "have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them", but the editors, publishers, and critics with whom I have discussed the matter seem to agree that these writers have something to which can be applied the principles they have learned. That something — call it Emotional Genius (with or without long hair and strange ways), or mysterious magic, or creative imagination, or a gift, or what you will — is just what distinguishes the successful writers from the unsuccessful. The more potent is that something, the more successful will be the writer who possesses it.

Therefore when I am asked such questions as, "Is a book on technique in short story writing desirable for the novice?" or "Can you recommend a volume on short story writing that will prevent one from falling into errors which make work unaccept-

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able?" or "Is there a book that will teach me how to write salable stories?", I hesitate to answer them in the affirmative. Personally I do not believe there is a book that can teach anyone how to concoct salable stories any more than I believe a book could be written that would teach any Tom, Dick, or Harry who would study it how to contrive patentable and salable inventions. However, if you have original and interesting story ideas there are books that will help you to express these ideas and that will show you how similar ideas have been developed into plots and stories by the writers of the past.

Professor Walter B. Pitkin's book, "How to Write Stories" (Independent Corporation), is an excellent study of plot construction and the psychology of the short story. It is clearly written, is practical, and deals with the mechanics of story writing from a frankly commercial point of view. "To-day's Short Stories Analyzed", by Robert Wilson Neal (Oxford), applies the principles of story writing to various published stories, and is an informal encyclopædia of the short story art as exemplified in contemporary magazine fiction. "Stories Editors Buy and Why", compiled by Jean Wick (Small, Maynard), reprints stories selected from representative American fiction magazines and supplements these with fifty or more letters from magazine editors discussing the kinds of stories they desire and in some cases, their methods of passing upon unsolicited manuscripts. "The Lure of the Pen", by Flora Klickmann (Putnam), is a book for would be authors and is written, as the author states in the preface, with the belief that "no one can teach authors how or what to write; but sometimes it is possible to help the beginners to an understanding of what it is better not to write". An intensely interesting volume that will help the beginner to develop his imagination and that will suggest many plot sources is "Plots and Personalities", by Edwin E. Slosson and June E. Downey (Century).

A literary club that is looking for a "good stiff textbook on the short story" for its next year's program, writes that its members desire a text that gives "some of the best stories along with the technical study of their contents". A volume large enough to both cover the technique of the short story and to print in full several typical examples would be a pretty awkward affair. Perhaps the most suitable book for this literary club is Blanche Colton Williams's "How to Study 'The Best Short Stories'" (Small, Maynard), which should be used in connection with one of Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes of the best short stories. "A Study of the Short Story", by Henry Seidel Canby (Holt), contains a short, clear history of the short story in English and American literature with eleven complete stories illustrative of the history and structure of the short story. "The Short-Story: With Introduction and Notes", by W. Patterson Atkinson (Allyn, Bacon), discusses the development and form of the short story and gives nine well known examples from Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Harte, Stevenson, and Kipling. Literary clubs and classes interested in the short story that deals with local color and local characters treated in an historical way should read "The American Short Story: A Study of the Influence of Locality in its Development", by Elias Lieberman (Editor Company). In this book the author shows how various typical sections of the United States have been treated by short story writers.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

HERE'S the public suddenly taking an interest in books again. Thank you, Mr. Sumner. The veteran Dean Inge recently made some comments about the unpleasant sexness of modern fiction. We find Rebecca West's remarks in "Public Opinion" interesting on that score:

Miss Rebecca West, replying to Dean Inge's protest against some modern novels, in the "Evening Standard", says:—

"In point of fact modern fiction is (with certain exceptions that prove the rule) neither vulgar nor indecent. It is a little difficult to declare that definitely, because one discovers that people have such different standards.

"But taking the standards of ordinary people, one can safely declare that the mass of fiction does not greet the obscene with a cheer. I write all the fiction reviews for a weekly journal, and consequently read the majority of novels which are published, and I do not think that in any one year I have found more than half-a-dozen books that were in any sense disgusting. And in only one case was such a book written for the purpose of (as Dean Inge puts it) 'catering to the corrupt taste of the moment'.

"What Dean Inge really complains of is, I think, that fiction occasionally alludes to the fact that men and women sometimes live together without being married. But they do. And great writers have always recognized that they do. The fact is frankly admitted in the works of Dickens; of Thackeray (I gather that Dean Inge has not read 'Catharine' or 'A Shabby-Genteel Romance'); of Anthony Trollope; of the Brontës; of Jane Austen; of Fielding, Sterne, Defoe. What Dean Inge is lamenting is not that literature has ceased to be pure, but that *we have emerged from a period when second-rate writers preserved an unnatural and mendacious silence.*

"That lament is, of course, entirely antisocial. The indictment against that silence is not that it was Puritanical. Nobody would complain of that, for Puritanism is at the base of everything that is best in English life. The trouble with it was that it did not permit people to be Puritans, because it did not show them the world and let them choose good from evil. Look what happened during the decadent movement in the nineties.

"The silence of the second-raters had then been so long established that the bulk of society was ignorant of certain things. It was so long since the unmentionable had been mentioned nobody recognized it for what it was. It is true, as Thomas Hardy has put it, that *'If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst'.*"

After the seizure of D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love", Arthur Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming", and "A Young Girl's Diary", and the hearing in New York before Judge Simpson of the case of the people (represented by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice) versus Thomas Seltzer, Mr. Sumner, the secretary of that Society, received much press notice by his brilliant idea that it would be splendid to have a presiding genius over books, somewhat like Augustus Thomas and the stage, Will Hays and the movies, or Judge Landis and baseball. Ever since we heard of this preposterous idea, we have been amusing ourself with the selection of candidates. Try a few. For example, I wonder what the Reverend John Roach Straton's opinion of "Leaves of Grass" would be, or William Jennings Bryan's of "The Sheik", or President Nicholas Murray Butler's of "What Every Woman Should Know", or John D. Rockefeller's of "Psychoanalysis and Love". We feel perfectly confident that this idea will never become a fact; for we can think of no one with literary judgment who would not have too much sense of humor to believe that either he or she was capable of deciding whether any book would or would not definitely injure the public morals. It is our belief that, for the

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most part, the publishing business is in the hands of gentlemen, and that the good taste of a gentleman can be relied on to keep from the public books that are not fit to read. Mr. Sumner's choice of the three books on Mr. Seltzer's list seemed unfortunate since, while all three books are said to be dull, they are at the same time generally considered to be honest. Soon we shall be having a censorship of evangelical meetings, and ministers will not be allowed to speak of the evils of immorality from the pulpit. Our college lecturers will be forced to abandon talks on hygiene and the teaching of such classics as the "Æneid" or the "Odyssey". And our art galleries will again be subjected to the rigid scrutiny of those searching for indecent exposures. Reduced to obvious absurdity, this censorship seems nothing but a tempest in a teapot, and is, obviously, just absurd.

We saw James Oliver Curwood recently, just after he had won the legal battle that has established an important new precedent in the relation of authors and their moving picture producers. Mr. Curwood's suit was one to end the misuse of an author's name on film plays distorted beyond recognition. Many noted authors during recent years have railed bitterly at the same abuse but without stopping the pictures in question. Curwood, with his greyish hair and his square jaw, is a determined individual. He told us stories of early newspaper days in Detroit, of his methods of writing, of his camping trip on which he was just starting and on which he would be practically out of communication with the outside world for months. Now and then, Curwood appears in town with half of a novel; delivers it, gets an opinion, and vanishes again. His ideas concerning the modern sex novel are firm enough. He believes in clean fiction, and he further believes that it is this conviction and his developing of it in his own work that has brought him such success as is manifested by the huge advance sale of "The Country Beyond". When someone recently suggested that, being an authority on all things northern, Mr. Curwood should write a novel about eskimo pie, he replied cheerfully that since he owned a huge share in the ice cream industry of Michigan, perhaps he would. A jolly, sturdy, serious minded person is James Oliver Curwood, and a sincere workman. We have yet to meet an insincere writer who has a best seller public. They do not grow that way. We met Arthur Mason, too, this month — the gentleman who shipped on sailing vessels for eighteen years, was a skipper for eight of those, and wrote that gorgeous sea yarn "The Flying Bo'sun", which we are proud to state was the first manuscript we ever recommended to a publisher, and which is now read even more than when it was first issued. Mr. Mason, large, Irish, smiling, had just returned from California, where he had been looking over some mining property. There isn't anything about sailing ships that he doesn't know — and he's proud of that knowledge! William McFee, who has written the introduction for Mason's new autobiographical romance, "Ocean Echoes", naturally does not agree with Mr. Mason that romance has left the sea with the advance of steam. They make a nice contrast, these two: level headed, analytical, Scotch McFee, the engineer; and hot headed, romantic, Irish Mason, the sea captain. Mason ran away from the University of Edinburgh when he was eighteen and went to sea. He loves the mountains too, though,

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and he has been in various mining escapades, in one of which he piled up nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold, only to lose it in a bank robbery in one of the Klondike towns.

Elizabeth Palmer Milbank sends us the following interesting item from Missouri:

The Missouri School of Journalism, connected with the State University at Columbia, is unique in several ways.

First of all — its dean. Dean Walter Williams is president of the World Press Association, is one of the most widely known and best loved educators both here and abroad, and has made not only Columbia, but the United States, prominent in the world of journalism.

The Missouri School of Journalism is the oldest school of journalism in the world, having received its first student in 1908; has its own faculty and confers the degree of Bachelor of Journalism. An important part of the instruction given in the school consists of actual practice on a daily newspaper, "The Columbia Evening Missourian", which is the laboratory of the school. Students write, edit, and illustrate the news and editorial matter, and write and sell the advertisements.

In the spring of each year this school, during a week known as "Journalism Week", entertains not only the state press, but writers, editors, and publishers of note from all over the United States and from foreign countries. Among the speakers this year were B. W. Fleisher, editor and proprietor of the "Japan Advertiser" and the "Trans-Pacific", Tokyo, Japan; and Alexander Hume Ford of Honolulu, secretary and director of the "Pan-Pacific Union", a publication devoted to the advancement of the Pacific community interests.

One day of Journalism Week is given over to the Missouri Writers' Guild, an organization for bringing into closer relationship the writers of the state for the purpose of mutual inspiration, information, and amusement.

Lastly: the sessions are held in the only building in the world that is devoted exclusively to the study of journalism, the Jay H. Neff Hall, given by a former student in memory of his father, an editor of statewide note.

It is a question in our mind as to which are the more beautiful — the little old white houses of Connecticut, or those of Maine. Massachusetts we shall rule out, because, somehow, it has become a too cultivated state, it has lost the rare checkered light and shade of Litchfield or the bluffness of Kennebunkport and has adopted a mellower glow. Recently, we found ourself crashing all along the roads from New York to Maine, with only a night in Boston and no daylight moment long enough to pay a visit to the Old Corner Book Store or to Amy Lowell. Booth Tarkington, we found in Kennebunkport. There he spends a large portion of his year, close to the sea at which he looked with longing when a middle western boy. There he can talk to old sea captains and new natives, near Bar Harbor which he says is more beautiful than any other spot in America, not excepting California. Tarkington is the tall, quiet, genial man one expects, with an extraordinary ability for analyzing characters and events that is sometimes so penetrating that it takes away the breath. His home and his family are thoroughly delightful. He will tell you that he had intended to design his own house but that before he finished he had employed two architects instead of one. However, his workroom is of his own conceiving, high, plastered, catching every variation of light from the day outside, and filled with models of ships. The room opens onto the rest of the house through wide doors which can be closed, and a stairway to a balcony above leads to Mr. Tarkington's drawing room, so that when he wishes he can be completely isolated for work. There are no papers on his large table-desk. "I wonder if there is any other

Booth Tarkington

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author to be found, who keeps his desk in that condition," he mused. For a time we talked of the young writers. Mr. Tarkington is interested, and his judgments are humorous but kindly. Then, we went down to his yacht, he put on a seaman-like cap, and we moved out to sea. Some time, perhaps, we shall report parts of that conversation. It was a bright day, with an easy swell, and we cruised all afternoon, Mr. Tarkington at the wheel. Coming back to the house, we noticed a bronze cast of a hand, and drew back a little with a shudder. "Yes", Mr. Tarkington said, "it does look like a dead hand, doesn't it? It's one of those casts everyone has made in Italy in plaster. My wife found the remains of the plaster and had it recast in bronze. You don't like it, and the reason that you don't is because it's life and not art" — which, after all, has in it the germ of a creed for any writer. At the moment, Tarkington was doing no writing; but he was planning soon to start on a new play for next season. It is only such recreations as short stories and plays that he writes in Kennebunkport. The novels seem to require the atmosphere of Indiana. Margaret Deland, too, lives in Kennebunkport, has lived there for many years. In a grey cottage near the river she leads a very quiet life, writing an occasional novel, on which she works with exceeding care. We found her there in the evening, a gentle figure in black, sewing. Our talk was largely of the manners and morals of this and that age; but she does not like to be quoted and we shall respect her wish. Hugh Kahler and Kenneth Roberts live near here in the summer, also, and Kate Douglas Wiggin not so far away. There is an annual contest between Messrs. Kahler and Roberts as to which one will find the mostatrocious (that's the way the typist copied it, and we think it a splendid word) *objet d'art* to present to Mr. Tarkington. One of them, a "temperance lecturer" done in tasty old china, so to speak, we were privileged to see hidden in a Dutch sea chest. This particular gift we believe was Mr. Kahler's, and we do not see how aught else could compare with it in elegance of form.

Margaret Deland

We received the following letter from "The Literary Digest":

> Whom would you name, offhand, as the five leading American literary stars that have risen above the horizon in the past ten years? No doubt your eye may have been the one to discover some of these. Others you have discovered later, along with the rest of us. "Be that as it may", would it not be of interest to stop and think a minute on what American writers have done of distinction in the past decade, and see what it amounts to? You are in a position to speak with authority on this point. Will you not be good enough just to jot down here, maybe on the margin or back of this sheet, the names of our five leading new literary luminaries, writers in prose or verse, as you size them up, and add any comment you like, long or short? I shall appreciate it immensely.

The same letter was sent to various other individuals in the editing and publishing world. The results were announced as follows:

> Highest on the list comes Joseph Hergesheimer with 22 votes; following him is Eugene O'Neill with 14 votes, then Sherwood Anderson with 13; Miss Willa Cather receives 12; and the fifth place is divided between Robert Frost and James Branch Cabell, who each receive 8.

Comments on this list have been more than misleading, as in reprinting it

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many have neglected to state the premises, which makes it look as though these five were considered the "foremost writers in America", instead of those who have come to the fore within the past ten years. The rest of the votes are reported to have covered a wide area:

Seven votes were cast for Edgar Lee Masters and 6 each for Sinclair Lewis and Edna St. Vincent Millay, three received 5 votes each: Carl Sandburg, Hendrik Van Loon, and E. A. Robinson. In the group numbering 4 votes we find such talked-of favorites as Scott Fitzgerald and Miss Amy Lowell. Then 3 votes each were cast for Don Marquis and John Dos Passos, while a whole constellation can be made out of those who were favored with 2 ballots each. They are Mary S. Watts, Dorothy Canfield, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale, Ernest Poole, H. L. Mencken and Heywood Broun.

One vote each went to:

Zona Gale, Waldo Frank, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings, Donn Byrne, Melville Davisson Post, Edna Ferber, Randolph Bourne, Conrad Aiken, Ben Ames Williams, James Oliver Curwood, Fannie Hurst, Peter B. Kyne, Hugh Wiley, Dorothy Parker, Ring Lardner, Thomas Beer, George Santayana, Wilbur Daniel Steele, R. H. Holliday, Edward Bok, Ben Hecht, Maxwell Bodenheim, William Ellery Leonard, Ruth Suckow and Christopher Morley.

Such contests afford genuine amusement if they do not do much actually to form the taste of the public.

We went to "The Cat and the Canary" last night and have been shivering ever since over that thoroughly hair raising mystery, that is, until our Fashion Editor put into our hands the following marked paragraph from "The Blue Book of Social Usage". Now we can face the world again with a light heart, knowing that we are firmly prepared for such occasions when they may arise.

A completely beautiful wedding is not merely a combination of wonderful flowers, beautiful clothes, smoothness of detail, delicious food. These, though all are necessary, are external attributes. The spirit, or soul of it, must have something besides, — and that "something" is in the behavior and in the expression of the bride and groom.

We are surprised at the usually thorough author of this volume. She forgets to add that nothing about the wedding could be complete if true love were not burning in the hearts of the happy couple. However, perhaps that after all has nothing to do with social usage. For the most part, we have only one thing to report and to recommend this month — SLEEP. Sleep is far better than most theatrical openings. Dreams and choruses of mosquitoes are far more entertaining, if you keep a volume of Freud by your bedside, than summer revues. Isn't it annoying for the managers to start the theatrical season in the warmest part of the year? We hear, however, that one can attend "Shore Leave", with Frances Starr, and be not only entertained but cooled by the sound of ocean waves (imported, doubtless, from Atlantic City). We went to see Margaret Severn, whose act in vaudeville displays quite the best dancing we have witnessed in many moons. Her Benda Masque dances, which she originated several years ago, have gained in grace and interpretive power, and her technique in the more conventional toe dancing is excellent. At James Weldon Johnson's the other evening we met, among many delightful people, Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, the founder and editor of "The Crisis". He is a brilliant and cultivated gentleman. All of his spare time, he says, is now taken in writing or in trying to make himself write, a history. All the plays, stories, essays, etc. that he has in the back of his mind, must wait. It is sheer pain for anyone with ideas

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for creative writing to sit down to the detailed tasks of history. Alas, we know! Heywood Broun, also at Mr. Johnson's, tells us that the title of his novel is "The Boy Grew Older". We apologize for having called it, "The Boy Grows Old". Tense has always been most difficult for us; in fact, as you may have noticed (though our assistant rewrites our copy) grammar of any kind is a task. That reminds us. We were recently talking to a former high school teacher of Milton Raison's. We said, "Aren't you proud of Milton?" He said, "What has he done?" We showed the gentleman poems in "The Century" and "Scribner's" and the announcement of a forthcoming volume. "But", and the academician threw up his hands in dismay, "he never *could* learn to write English!" There is, after all, a moral for both young writers and teachers of English in that, with something to be said on both sides.

We are announcing our "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" early this year, because it is our hope that every child of a BOOKMAN parent or, in fact, every child anywhere will at least wish to contribute. For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under, THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, $25 in cash; second, $10 worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. One of the best essays received before September 15 will be published in the November number, two of the best essays received before October 15 will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. The subject for this year will be "My Book Party". Who are the twelve characters from different books that you have read, whom you would invite to a party; why would you invite them; and what would they be likely to do there? Let your imaginations play around this idea. Contributions must be in the hands of the judges on or before November 1, and must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length, must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner, and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition, must accompany each paper.

From Chicago, we hear rumblings of the publication by a new firm, Covici-McGee, of some sort of something by Ben Hecht. It is called "Fantazius Mallare" and looks portentously insane to us. However, we are a simple soul and do not understand many things of the utmost importance to literature. Mark O'Dea, the author of "Red Bud Women", a volume of plays just published, was in the office the other day. He tells us that Maxwell Bodenheim gave a talk on his lawn in Winnetka recently, and that a portion of Chicago is now desperately advertising itself as America's new Greenwich Village. We have been praying ever since we heard this that the great Bohemia has really moved west. What a relief it would be. The Society of Midland Authors is going to have a meeting on September 29 and 30 where "several subjects of especial importance to authors will be discussed". The attendance of authors from all over this great country of ours is urged. Both authors and those

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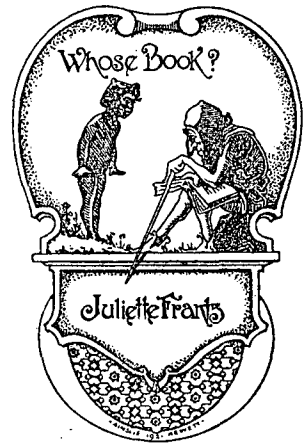
wishing to see the zoo are therefore counseled to attend. We hear also of the activities of "The Playmongers", under the direction of a newspaper man, Sam Putnam, who have been giving their plays in an open air theatre in Chicago's "Little Bohemia" (what did we tell you?). From Girard, Kansas, come the announcements and the advertisements of this new Henry Ford of literature, Mr. Haldeman-Julius. His ten cent library deluged us one morning, and we have been religiously putting one of these tiny books in our pocket ever since. We wish that the print were not quite so fine. It's difficult to read on the subway. However, this is an interesting experiment in publishing, and now, we hear, he is establishing a magazine called "Life and Letters", at twenty-five cents the year. Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius will be remembered as the authors of "Dust" and of stories in "The Atlantic Monthly". Charles J. Finger eulogizes Mr. Haldeman-Julius at length in "All's Well", and summarizes as follows:

> I must have made it quite clear that Julius is doing something quite different from the multiplication of books and papers and is certainly in no sense doing any kind of special propaganda work. What he is after, what he aims at, is a kind of solid, general education and in the whole history of publishing, nothing has been attempted quite as comprehensive. His dream is to find what is called for and to supply that need, *refusing to impose his own views in any way whatever*. He has taken the whole world of literature for his field and he has found a large, hungry devouring public. It is a gallant enterprise and in what he has undertaken I am most heartily with him, willing to fight under his banner because of the goal to be attained and because as a leader I find him to be capable, sincere, honest and intensely practical.

Ever since this year's "Bookplate Annual" arrived we've been playing eeny-meeny-miny-mo (we admit at once total ignorance of the spelling, but you all know the game) to see which picture we'd show you. At



last we've decided on this delightful gnome, or whatever he is, drawn by Ainslie Hewett. Almost as fascinating as the bookplates themselves are the items in "The Bookplate Exchange List". Is it, for example, a humorously inclined lady who declares she "will exchange her own designs for any well designed bookplates"? More BOOKMAN-ish perhaps is she who is "especially interested in bookplates of librarians, libraries, and authors".

Samuel Merwin was in town for a few moments this month, as happy as a young boy because he had sold to an editor a story that has been on his mind for years, for which he has been gathering material, a story of Roman intrigue and the secrets of silk, laid in the first century A. D. He and Samuel Hopkins Adams were reminiscing about a broken leg (it was, if I remember correctly, Mr. Merwin's broken leg). Mr. Adams, as usual interested in advertising, had a good deal to say about the subject of authors' agents. It is a ticklish ques-

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tion, and the ground between honesty and dishonesty in that profession is exceedingly narrow. Be that as it may, we have recently met a charming lady with an exceptionally large hat, a representative of the Society of Women Journalists of England, who also is much interested in motor yachting. She recently started out to salvage ships, or was it to rescue buried treasure? At any rate she showed us a picture of herself in court costume, which reminds us that if you haven't visited the new Dunhill establishment on Fifth Avenue, and want to see the most complete thing in ultra appeal, you should. Henry Sell took us there the other day, while he bought a mixture that wouldn't be fuzzy on the tongue. The editor of "Harper's Bazar" has one of the keenest senses of humor that we know, and he has lost none of that fresh enthusiasm in the approach to new things that seems to be the first duty of an editor. He tells us that he has bought a new Locke serial, and has sent Henry Raleigh to England to see Locke about the illustrations. We saw also this month, with his ruddy smiling face fresh from Polar Seas, the excellent Dr. Walter E. Traprock, whose "My Northern Exposure" follows his famous "Cruise of the Kawa". He tells us that the northern seas are filled with fish, and that blubber is a dish fit to make a queen weep. However, we shall see! We have always mistrusted blubber. Floyd Dell, whose birthday party we recently attended, is hard at work in his studio, built far enough away from his house to avoid the crying of young Mr. Dell (who, to fool them all, never cries — or only seldom). His new novel is to be largely about a young man and his reaction to young ladies or a young lady, we forget which. One scorching morning, in comes Warren H. Miller, just back from Borneo, with a story of man eating tigers. He is about to publish a new book for boys — and so it goes. The Gossip Shop is a busy place, and as fall approaches we wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to build a special derrick to haul up all authors to our window which gives so pleasantly on Thirty-eighth Street east.

We were sorry to miss meeting Mrs. Geldert, president of the Penwomen, when she was here recently during the week in which penwomen sold books in various local stores. We forget what happened to us that afternoon. Perhaps it was an irate author whose book we had reviewed coming to challenge us to a duel (either tennis or squash, our only means of defense). At any rate, we were sorry. Here's an able letter from a penwoman in Mobile, Alabama:

Motoring through bright summer lanes in Mobile County, one notes things of literary interest as well as of natural beauty. Near Mobile we reach Oak Grove, a hilly spot set among wonderful old oaks. Here is the home of Major Howard Ellis Davis, whose reputation as a writer of short stories is growing with each script. Davis chooses his characters from among the people he knows. His stories are intensely interesting to readers of this section because they are faithful to the life they portray. There is usually an appealing element of mystery and the good in his characters is always a big factor. Davis belongs to a large family of wealthy lumbermen of Oak Grove and among his kinsmen is the genial editor of the Citronelle "Call", C. W. Thomas.

If night falls as we motor south, the charm and mystery of the southern coast country becomes apparent — the thing that intrigues Anthony Rud of Chicago in his fiction stories of southern "Cajans". There is an interesting literary background in Mobile County — more lively and more varied as one comes to Mobile, the city that has lived under five flags and is 212 years old. We wish to remark sub rosa for the benefit of the literary apostles that the city in spite of its antiquity and dignity has not a public library.

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Naturally the Chamber of Commerce does not send out this sort of publicity. But we think the editor of THE BOOKMAN should know it. As in all the south there has been a tendency toward ancestor worship and the Civil War tradition, but the youngsters are coming down stage nowadays, and they manifest no southern inhibitions. Watch for them! For Annie S. Howard, who has a special article in a recent number of "Photoplay". For Frances R. Durham, who is editing the Mobile County weekly, the "Truth-Advertiser", and of whom J. J. O'Connell, southern editor, says: "I have been watching her copy for several years and some day she will do something of national importance." For Amy Watkins, whose work in commercial art is in demand by banks, newspapers, and business houses of Mobile. For Rose Kahn, doing features on the Mobile "Register" and interested in the Little Theatre and one act plays. There are also the popular songs of Julia A. Fowler, who did "The Mobile Blues". And the free verse of Anne Bozeman Lyon which has appeared in "Pagan", "The Stratford Journal", "The Grail", and other poetry magazines. There is Molly Kelly Ray, who will go to New York this winter; we hope she takes some of her beautiful stories of the southern timber country along to tempt editors. There is Hilton Howell Jones, grandniece of Jefferson Davis, who paints coats-of-arms and alternates by doing bits of poetry. There is Kate Lea Donald, whose anthology of poems written around Helen of Troy is a fine bit of classical compilation. There is Clara Tardy Gresham, who was clerk in the Alabama legislature for twenty years, but who writes verse and paints lovely miniatures. There is Narcissa T. Shawhan, who between her duties as president of the Alabama Penwomen and her writing of a textbook on parliamentary law, finds time to lecture on this subject to classes and club women.

Emily Adams, until a recent illness, was an active dialect writer, the cleverest in this section. Her work has appeared notably in the New Orleans "Times-Picayune". M. E. Henry-Ruffin is author of "The North Star", "The Shield of Silence", and "John Gildart". Kate Ayers Robert, because she is comparatively shut in by illness, sees no reason to let her talent and her ambition die. She writes soulful verse which appears in "The Grail", "The Golden Rule", and other periodicals. Emma Roche has a book of literary and artistic sketches to her credit and does bits of poetry with accompanying silhouettes. From this group of achieving and beginning writers, Mobile may look for an interesting foreground, possibly as good if not better than the older literary background.

There is no country in the world, we believe, quite so beautiful as the Vermont hills in summer, or even in the autumn, or yet again under a covering (aren't you glad that we didn't say blanket?) of snow. However, we may be prejudiced. A recent visit to the School of English at Breadloaf did not take away from our conviction. Perfectly situated high above Middlebury, and under the direction of Dr. Edward E. Collins of Middlebury College, this school is giving to some ninety-odd students (writers, teachers, and there was a doctor and his wife and a landscape gardener) a viewpoint concerning the writing and the teaching of English that is fresh, vital, and original. Dean Davison put us through a day's sprouts, which fortunately included a tramp to the hills. There were courses in creative writing (in modern drama, in play production, in stage design) and in the more technical subjects close to the heart of the academician. Plays are given every week, and special lecturers come along to enjoy the scenery and deliver the fruits of wisdom. Willa Cather was there and we would have given a good deal to hear her five lectures on writing. She was also working on a novelette, and they had given her a delightful cabin, with a view of the mountains, in which to write of a morning. Louis Untermeyer had just left after two talks. Katharine Lee Bates was still there; in fact, she was giving a course in Shakespeare throughout the term. What a delightful viewpoint is hers. She is interested in more people and things than anyone we have met for

Willa Cather

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some months. Her enthusiasm for modern poets is quite as vivid as her interest in Shakespeare, and we are looking forward to our visit to Wellesley this fall with great anticipation. The students as well as the teachers were interesting — young people from the west and the east, high school and college instructors, many of them, some undergraduates. We can think of no more agreeable way to spend a vacation than this, and we urge anyone who wants a new viewpoint about English letters to apply for circulars.

Occasionally we think that we shall never want to see any more magazine verse. Often we know that we never want to see another poet. Yet what with belonging to two more Poetry Societies, and with poets constantly on our doorsteps, we again brave the eyes of the muse and state that here are our favorite verses from the June magazines: "These Fields at Evening" by David Morton, "Owl-Blasted" by John McClure, and "A Sailor's Note-Book" by Robert Roe — all in "Poetry". That was an excellent number, Miss Monroe! "To Some Modern Poets" by Pascal D'Angelo in "The Century"; "The Flight of Asmodæus" by Katharine Lee Bates in "The Double-Dealer" (a magazine, by the way, that improves month by month); "Lilliputian" by the intrepid Mrs. Wylie in "The Outlook"; "Aquatint Framed in Gold" by Amy Lowell in "The Nation"; and "Full Moon", again by Mrs. Wylie, in "The New Republic".

An unusual law court scene was recently enacted in London. In Chancery Division, a writer secured an injunction against a publisher for issuing with his book an illustrated jacket which he felt to be injurious to his reputation as an author. Whatever we may think of book jackets, and the right of author versus publisher, we find the report of this proceeding in the London "Evening Standard" more than entertaining:

> The jacket consisted of a highly-coloured picture of a Jew pedlar or "old clo' man", depicted as having four hats on his head and a tray slung from his shoulders, from which he was vending toy pigs. He was offering one in his right hand and closing one of his eyes — in other words, winking. (Laughter.)
>
> His Lordship. — Is it the other eye? (Laughter.)
>
> Mr. Clements (for the plaintiff). — Your lordship will notice that one of these toy pigs is caressingly pushing its snout into the left hand of the pedlar. (Laughter.)
>
> Plaintiff says the picture is vulgar and offensive, and has not been approved by him. It represents no person depicted or referred to in the book. It does not represent his opinions and views, and is a breach of contract, because it is an improper exercise of the discretion of a publisher in publishing.
>
> Plaintiff said it was calculated to injure him as an author, and to bring him under the hatred, ridicule, and contempt of the public, and particularly of the Jewish community.
>
> His Lordship. — I should think anybody looking at this cover and seeing his name prominently displayed would associate the author with the pictorial representation. (Laughter.)
>
> Mr. Clements. — And my client suggests that is not justified.
>
> Mr. Sidney Davey (for defendants). — Some people would think the illustration humorous.
>
> His Lordship. — And some people would think it was Mr. Moseley's idea of humour. (Laughter.) If I saw that in a bookstall I should draw my inferences as to the character of Mr. Moseley as an author.

An exact facsimile reproduction of the famous bagatelle issued by Benjamin Franklin at his press at Passy, "The Whistle", has been privately issued in a limited edition, with an introduction by the late Luther S. Livingston, the famous bibliographer, and a bibliography to 1820. The bibliography is compiled from the copies in the library of William S. Mason.

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